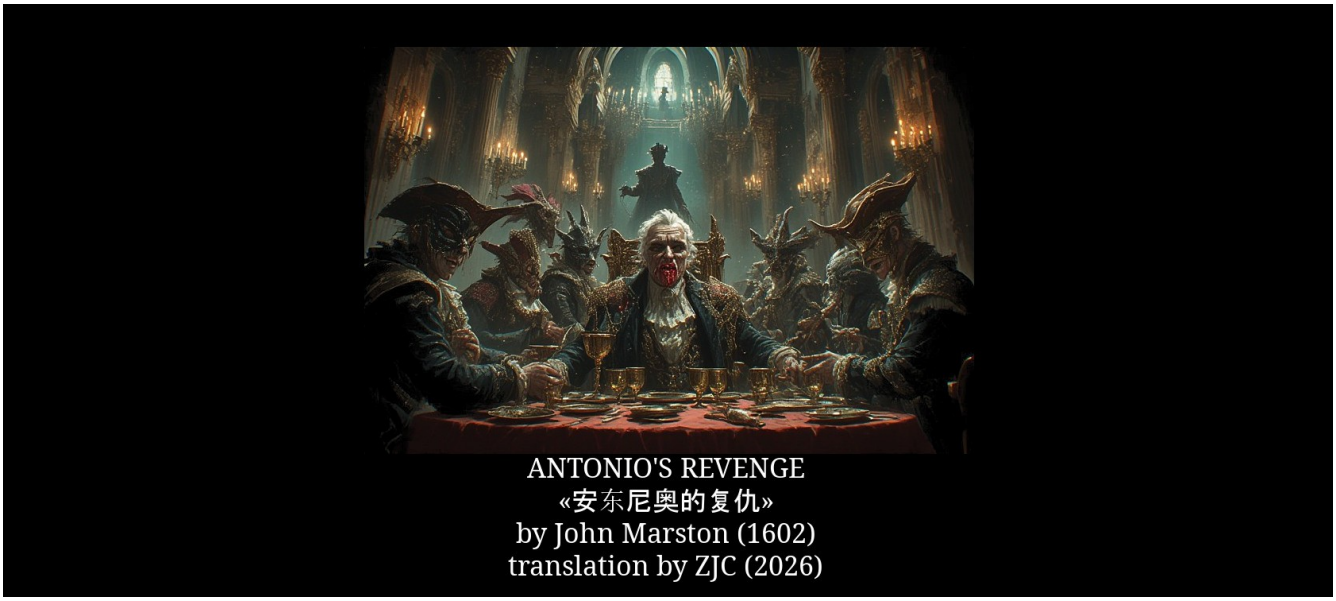

ANTONIO'S REVENGE
安东尼奥的复仇
from, *The Works of John Marston. Volume 1*, by John Marston (1602)
translation into Chinese by ZJC (2026)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE
剧中人物

PIERO SFORZA, Duke of Venice.
A Machiavellian usurper who poisoned his rival Andrugio, falsely accused Mellida of wantonness, murdered Feliche, and plots to marry Maria. The play's arch-villain.
皮埃罗·斯福尔扎，威尼斯公爵。
一位马基雅维利式的篡位者，毒死了情敌安德鲁吉奥，诬蔑梅莉达不贞，杀害了费利切，并图谋娶玛利娅为妻。本剧的大反派。

ANTONIO, son to the murdered Andrugio, affianced to Mellida.
The revenge-hero. Grief-stricken and philosophically torn, he descends from noble prince to child-murderer across the course of the play.
安东尼奥，被害的安德鲁吉奥之子，与梅莉达有婚约。
复仇的主角。悲痛欲绝，在哲学思辨中挣扎，在剧中从高贵的王子堕落为杀害儿童的凶手。

MARIA, Andrugio's widow, mother to Antonio.
A virtuous woman caught between loyalty to her dead husband, love for her son, and the unwanted suit of her husband's murderer.
玛利娅，安德鲁吉奥的遗孀，安东尼奥之母。
一位贞淑的女性，在对亡夫的忠贞、对儿子的爱、以及杀夫仇人无休止的追求之间左右为难。

MELLIDA, daughter to Piero, affianced to Antonio.
Innocent victim of her father's plots. Imprisoned, falsely accused of debauchery, sentenced to death. Her purity and steadfast love for Antonio stand in stark contrast to the corruption around her.
梅莉达，皮埃罗之女，与安东尼奥有婚约。
其父阴谋的无辜受害者。被囚禁、被诬蔑不贞、被判死刑。她的纯洁和对安东尼奥的坚贞爱情，与周遭的腐败形成鲜明对比。

PANDULPHO, father to the murdered Feliche.
A Stoic philosopher who initially refuses to grieve his son's death with tears, advocating rational fortitude. His philosophy spectacularly collapses, and he becomes a fierce avenger.
潘杜尔福，被害者费利切之父。
一位斯多亚哲学家，起初拒绝对儿子之死表露悲痛，倡导理性的坚忍。他的哲学最终轰然崩塌，自己也变成了凶猛的复仇者。

ALBERTO, a Venetian gentleman, friend to Antonio and cousin to Feliche.
A loyal friend and secondary avenger. He presents the false report of Antonio's drowning and participates in the final execution.
阿尔贝托，威尼斯绅士，安东尼奥之友，费利切之堂弟。
忠诚的朋友和次要的复仇者。他谎报安东尼奥溺死，并参与了最后的处决。

BALURDO, a rich gull, later knighted as Sir Jeffrey Balurdo.
An absurd, malapropism-spouting fool whose catchphrase is “retort and obtuse.” Provides comic relief but also participates in the final revenge. His buffoonery masks a certain loyalty.
巴鲁尔多，一个富有的傻子，后被封为杰弗里·巴鲁尔多爵士。
一个满口错词、荒诞可笑的弄臣，口头禅是「回敬且愚钝」。提供喜剧调剂，但也参与了最终复仇。他的滑稽言行掩盖了几分忠义。

MATZAGENTE, a modern braggadocio.
A boastful soldier, the miles gloriosus type. All talk, no substance.
马扎真特，一个时下的自吹自擂者。
一个夸夸其谈的士兵，属于“吹牛军人”类型。空话连篇，华而不实。

GALEAZZO, son to the Duke of Milan.
A Florentine prince who becomes an ally of the conspirators. Marries Mellida by arrangement.
加莱亚佐，米兰公爵之子。
一位弗洛伦萨的王子，成为叛乱者的盟友。奉安排与梅莉达成婚。

FOROBOSCO, a Parasite.
A court flatterer and tool of Piero. Assists in the strangling of Strotzo.
福罗博斯科，寄食者。
朝中的奉承者，皮埃罗的工具。协助绞死斯特罗佐。

CASTILIO BALTHAZAR, a spruce courtier.
A polished courtier. Also assists in the strangling of Strotzo and in imprisoning Balurdo.
卡斯蒂利奥·巴尔塔扎，一个衣冠楚楚的朝臣。
一位光鲜的朝臣。同样协助绞死斯特罗佐及囚禁巴鲁尔多。

LUCIO, an old nobleman, attendant to Maria.
A loyal servant who counsels political worldliness but remains attached to Maria.

卢西奥，老贵族，玛利娅的随从。
一位忠诚的侍从，劝人通晓世俗之道，却始终依附于玛利娅。

STROTZO, a creature of Piero.
Piero's hired murderer. Kills Andrugio by poison, then is scripted by Piero into a false confession and strangled by his own master.
斯特罗佐，皮埃罗的走狗。
皮埃罗雇佣的杀手。毒死安德鲁吉奥，后被皮埃罗安排进行假忏悔，最终被自己的主子亲手绞死。

JULIO, son to Piero.
An innocent child who loves Antonio. Murdered by Antonio in the church as the first act of direct revenge.
儒利奥，皮埃罗之子。
一个爱着安东尼奥的无辜孩童。在教堂里被安东尼奥杀害，成为直接复仇的第一桩牺牲品。

NUTRICHE, attendant to Maria.
A bawdy old nurse who has had four husbands and believes in the virtues of variety. Encourages Maria to forget Andrugio and marry Piero.
乳媪，玛利娅的侍从。
一个粗俗的老奶娘，嫁过四个丈夫，笃信变换的好处。怂恿玛利娅忘记安德鲁吉奥，嫁给皮埃罗。

GHOST OF ANDRUGIO, murdered father of Antonio.
Appears at key moments to demand revenge, reveal truths, and finally to witness and bless the completion of vengeance.
安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂，安东尼奥被害的父亲。
在关键时刻显灵，要求复仇，揭示真相，并最终见证和祝福复仇的完成。

GHOST OF FELICHE, murdered friend of Antonio.
Appears briefly alongside Andrugio's ghost to cry “Murder!”
费利切的鬼魂，安东尼奥被害的朋友。
与安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂一同短暂显灵，喊出「谋杀！」

TWO SENATORS, HERALD, WAITING-WOMEN, PAGES, &c.
二元老、传令官、众侍女、侍童等。

THE SCENE — VENICE
地点——威尼斯

PROLOGUE
开场诗
The rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps
The fluent summer's vein; and drizzling sleet
Chilleth the wan bleak cheek of the numb'd earth,
Whilst snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves
From the nak'd shudd'ring branch; and pills the skin

From off the soft and delicate aspects.
O now, methinks, a sullen tragic scene
Would suit the time with pleasing congruence.
May we be happy in our weak devoir,
And all part pleased in most wish'd content!
But sweat of Hercules can ne'er beget
So blest an issue. Therefore, we proclaim,
If any spirit breathes within this round,
Uncappable of weighty passion,
(As from his birth being hugged in the arms,
And nuzzled 'twixt the breasts of happiness)
Who winks, and shuts his apprehension up
From common sense of what men were and are,
Who would not know what men must be—let such
Hurry amain from our black-visaged shows:
We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast
Nail'd to the earth with grief; if any heart
Pierc'd through with anguish pant within this ring;
If there be any blood whose heat is choked
And stifled with true sense of misery;
If ought of these strains fill this consort up—
Th' arrive most welcome. O that our power
Could lackey or keep wing with our desires,
That with unused paize of style and sense,
We might weigh massy in judicious scale.
Yet here's the prop that doth support our hopes:
When our scenes falter, or invention halts,
Your favour will give crutches to our faults.
[Exits.]
粗粝寒冬的阴湿侵入了
夏季流淌的血脉；濛濛冻雨
冻僵了麻木大地苍白凄清的面颊，
咆哮的阵风啃噬着光秃颤抖的枝头
干枯的残叶，剥去了
一切柔嫩娇美姿容的外皮。
啊，此刻，我想，一出阴郁的悲剧场景
与这季节正相宜匹配。
愿我们微薄的奉献能得眷顾，
众人皆心满意足而去！
然而赫拉克勒斯的汗水也永不能
孕育如此有福的结局。
故此，我们宣告：
此刻在这围场之内，若有谁的灵魂
承纳不了沉重的激情——
仿佛自出生起，他便被搂在怀中，
偎在幸福的乳房间受哺育——
若有谁眨着眼，将他的悟性
对人之所曾是与今是关闭起来，
不肯去知人之必是——就让这样的家伙

从我们面目黝黑的演出前飞速逃离吧：
我们会惊吓他们的眼目。
但若有一副胸膛，被哀恸钉在大地之上；
若有一颗心，被痛苦刺穿，在这围场中喘息；
若在此处有任何的热血，其热度
已被真切的悲苦堵塞窒息；
若这些曲调中有哪一阙将这群贤集注满——
他们来到此处，最受欢迎。
啊，但愿我们的才能
能紧随我们的渴望，甚或与之比翼齐飞，
以便用一种不同寻常的厚重笔力与意蕴，
在明察秋毫的天平上秤出沉甸甸的分量！
然而，这便是支撑我们希望的支柱：
当我们的场景蹒跚，或才思跛行之际，
诸君的垂青将予我们的瑕疵以拐杖扶持。
[退场。]

ACT I, SCENE I
第一幕，第一场
A corridor in the palace of PIERO.
皮埃罗宫中一条走廊。
Enter PIERO, unbraced, his arms bare, smeared in blood, a poniard in one hand bloody, and a torch in the other; STROTZO following him with a cord.
皮埃罗上，衣襟敞开，双臂赤裸，血迹斑斑，一手持血淋淋的短剑，一手持火把；斯特罗佐手持绳索紧随其后。
PIERO.
Ho, Gasper Strotzo, bind Feliche's trunk
Unto the panting side of Mellida!
[Exit STROTZO.]
皮埃罗　喂，加斯珀·斯特罗佐，把费利切的尸身
捆在梅莉达那起伏的肋旁！
[斯特罗佐下。]
'Tis yet dead night, yet all the earth is clutch'd
In the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep;
No breath disturbs the quiet of the air,
No spirit moves upon the breast of earth,
Save howling dogs, night-crows, and screeching owls,
Save meagre ghosts, Piero, and black thoughts.
此刻仍是死寂的深夜，整个大地
还攥在鼾睡那迟钝的铅手中；
没有一丝呼吸惊扰空气的静谧，
没有一缕幽魂在大地的胸膛上移动，
唯有嚎叫的野狗、夜鸦与尖鸣的猫头鹰，
唯有枯槁的鬼魂、皮埃罗，与漆黑的念头。
One, two! [Clock strikes.]
Lord, in two hours what a topless mount
Of unpeer'd mischief have these hands cast up!

一下，两下！[钟鸣。]
天哪，短短两个时辰之内，这双手
竟堆起了一座何等无顶无极的恶行之山！
Re-enter STROTZO.
斯特罗佐重上。
I can scarce coop triumphing vengeance up
From bursting forth in braggart passion.
我几乎无法将欢欣鼓舞的复仇
囚禁于内，不任它喷涌而出化为夸耀的激情。
STROTZO.
My lord, 'tis firmly said that—
斯特罗佐　主公，有确凿消息说——
PIERO.
Andrugio sleeps in peace: this brain hath choked
The organ of his breast.
皮埃罗　安德鲁吉奥已然长眠安息：我这副头脑
已将他胸中的器官堵塞。
Feliche hangs
But as a bait upon the line of death,
To tice on mischief. I am great in blood,
Unequall'd in revenge.
而费利切高悬，
不过是死亡钓线上的一枚诱饵，
为引来更多的灾祸。我浴血而尊，
复仇之道无人能及。
You horrid scouts
That sentinel swart night, give loud applause
From your large palms.
尔等恐怖的斥候，
驻守黝黑夜色的哨兵，且用你们
巨掌发出震天的喝彩吧。
First, know, my heart was rais'd
Unto Andrugio's life upon this ground—
首先，尔等须知，我起意要夺取
安德鲁吉奥的性命，乃是出于——
STROTZO.
Duke, 'tis reported—
斯特罗佐　公爵，据报——
PIERO.
We both were rivals in our may of blood,
Unto Maria, fair Ferrara's heir.
He won the lady, to my honour's death,
And from her sweets cropp'd this Antonio;
For which I burnt in inward swelt'ring hate,
And fester'd rankling malice in my breast,
Till I might belk revenge upon his eyes:
And now (O bless'd now!) 'tis done. Hell, night,
Give loud applause to my hypocrisy.

皮埃罗　我二人正值青春鼎盛，皆为
费拉拉美人、玛利娅的继承人，互为情敌。
他赢得了那女子，令我的荣誉毁于一旦，
又从她的甜美中摘取了这安东尼奥；
为此，我在内心闷烧的仇恨中焚烧，
任恶毒的怨恨在胸中溃烂化脓，
直到我能将复仇的秽物嗳上他的眼目：
如今（啊，蒙福的此刻！）事已毕。地狱与黑夜啊，
为我这伪善大声喝彩吧。
When his bright valour even dazzled sense,
In off'ring his own head, public reproach
Had blurr'd my name. Speak, Strotzo, had it not?
当他耀眼的勇武令人目眩神夺之时，
若公然予以责难，
我的名誉必将蒙污。斯特罗佐，你说，难道不是么？
If then I had—
若我那时便已下手——
STROTZO.
It had, so please—
斯特罗佐　确会如此，若您——
PIERO.
What had, so please? Unseasoned sycophant,
Piero Sforza is no numbed lord,
Senseless of all true touch; stroke not the head
Of infant speech, till it be fully born;
Go to!
皮埃罗　确会如此，若什么？不知分寸的马屁精，
皮埃罗·斯福尔扎可不是麻木不仁、
毫无真切感知的君王；别去抚摸
那稚语尚未足月诞下的头颅；
去你的！
STROTZO.
How now! Fut, I'll not smother your speech.
斯特罗佐　怎么！呸，我才不会憋着您的话。
PIERO.
Nay, right thine eyes: 'twas but a little spleen,—
Huge plunge! Sin's grown a slave, and must observe slight evils;
Huge villains are enforc'd to claw all devils.—
Pish, sweet, thy thoughts, and give me—
皮埃罗　嗐，睁大你的眼睛：不过是小小脾气——
嗐，大麻烦！罪恶竟成了奴仆，须得谨小慎微；
巨奸大恶竟得讨好一切牛鬼蛇神。——
来，好伙计，说说你的想法——
STROTZO.
Stroke not the head of infant speech! go to!
斯特罗佐　别去抚摸那稚语的头颅！去你的！
PIERO.
Nay, calm this storm. I ever held thy breast
More secret, and more firm in league of blood,
Than to be struck in heat with each slight puff.

皮埃罗　嗐，平息这场风暴吧。我一向以为你的心胸
更为隐秘，在歃血盟约中更为牢固，
不致为每一阵轻风吹拂便勃然变色。
Give me thy ears; huge infamy had press'd down
My honour, if even then, when his fresh act
Of prowess bloom'd out full, I had ta'en
Vengeance on his hated head—
听我说；倘若就趁那时，他勇武的行径
正值鲜花盛放之际，我便对他
那可憎的头颅施以复仇，
莫大的恶名必将压垮我的荣誉——
STROTZO.
Why it had—
斯特罗佐　唉，那确会——
PIERO.
Could I avoid to give a seeming grant
Unto fruition of Antonio's love?
皮埃罗　我怎能不给安东尼奥的爱情
一个假意的成全呢？
STROTZO.
No.
斯特罗佐　不能。
PIERO.
And didst thou ever see a Judas kiss
With a more covert touch of fleering hate?
皮埃罗　你可曾见过一记犹大之吻，
带着更深的讥诮与更隐秘的恨意？
STROTZO.
No.
斯特罗佐　不曾。
PIERO.
And having clipt them with pretence of love,
Have I not crush'd them with a cruel wring?
皮埃罗　而我以假爱将他们拥入怀中之刻，
岂非便以一记残忍的扼杀将他们碾碎？
Beat up the light with their bright silver hooves,
And chase it through the sky.—To bed, to bed!
This morn my vengeance shall be amply fed.
[Exeunt.]
用锃亮的银蹄将光亮击散，
再赶着它横越天际。——上床，上床！
今朝，我的复仇将饱餐一顿。
[同下。]

ACT I, SCENE II
第一幕，第二场
Precincts of the palace of PIERO.
皮埃罗宫前区域。
Enter LUCIO, MARIA, and NUTRICHE.
卢西奥、玛利娅与乳媪上。
MARIA.
Stay, gentle Lucio, and vouchsafe thy hand.
玛利娅　停步，好卢西奥，请惠赐你的手。
LUCIO.
O, Madam—
卢西奥　哦，夫人——
MARIA.
Nay, prithee give me leave to say, vouchsafe;
Submiss entreats beseem my humble fate.
玛利娅　不，请容我说，惠赐；
谦卑的恳求才合于我卑微的命运。
Here let us sit. O Lucio, fortune's gilt
Is rubb'd quite off from my slight tin-foil'd state,
And poor Maria must appear ungraced
Of the bright fulgor of gloss'd majesty.
我们就在此坐吧。哦，卢西奥，命运的镀金
已从我这薄薄的锡箔之身上全然磨去，
可怜的玛利娅只得黯然现身，
再无那光彩威严的辉煌润饰。
LUCIO.
Cheer up your spirits, Madam; fairer chance,
Than that which courts your presence instantly,
Can not be formed by the quick mould of thought.
卢西奥　振作精神，夫人；比此刻正向您
殷勤走来的好运更美好的机缘，
即便思想的迅捷模具也无法塑就。
MARIA.
Art thou assured the dukes are reconciled?
Shall my womb's honour wed fair Mellida?
Will heaven at length grant harbour to my head?
Shall I once more clip my Andrugio,
And wreath my arms about Antonio's neck?
Or is glib rumour grown a parasite,
Holding a false glass to my sorrow's eyes,
Making the wrinkled front of grief seem fair,
Though 'tis much rivell'd with abortive care?
玛利娅　你可确信两位公爵已和解？
我腹中所出的荣耀将迎娶美丽的梅莉达？
上苍终将赐我头顶以安栖之所？
我能否再度拥抱我的安德鲁吉奥，
将双臂缠绕在安东尼奥的颈项上？
抑或那油嘴滑舌的流言已沦为谄媚的食客，
将一面虚假的镜子举到我这悲伤的眼前，

令哀恸那布满皱纹的额头看似平润，
尽管它早已被中途夭折的忧思镌刻得深如沟壑？
LUCIO.
Most virtuous princess, banish straggling fear,
Keep league with comfort. For these eyes beheld
The dukes united; yon faint glimmering light
Ne'er peeped through the crannies of the east,
Since I beheld them drink a sound carouse,
In sparkling Bacchus, unto each other's health;
Your son assur'd to beauteous Mellida,
And all clouds clear'd of threat'ning discontent.
卢西奥　最贤德的王妃，驱散游荡的忧惧，
与慰藉结盟吧。因这双眼睛目睹了
两位公爵已携手；那边微弱的曦光
尚未曾从东方的缝隙中窥视，
我便已见他们饮下满满一觞
闪亮的巴克斯美酒，彼此祝健康；
您的儿子已许配给美丽的梅莉达，
一切阴云已消散，再无险恶的怨愤。
MARIA.
What age is morning of?
玛利娅　清晨是什么时辰了？
LUCIO.
I think 'bout five.
卢西奥　我想约莫五时。
MARIA.
Nutriche, Nutriche!
玛利娅　乳媪，乳媪！
NUTRICHE.
Beshrow your fingers! marry, you have disturb'd
The pleasure of the finest dream. O God!
I was even coming to it, law. O Jesu!
'twas coming of the sweetest. I'll tell you now,
Methought I was married, and methought I spent
(O Lord, why did you wake me?),
and methought I spent three spur-royals
On the fiddlers for striking up a fresh hornpipe.
Saint Ursula! I was even going to bed,
And you, methought, my husband, was even putting out the tapers,
When you—Lord, I shall never have such a dream
Come upon me, as long as—
乳媪　剁了你这手指才好！天哪，您搅了
一个最美不过的好梦的乐趣。哦，上帝！
我眼看就要到那关头了，当真。哦，耶稣！
那最甜美的关头就要来了。我这就告诉您，
我梦见我嫁了人，还梦见我花了
（哦，主啊，您为何弄醒我？）
还梦见我花了三枚金币
赏给那些琴师，让他们奏起一支轻快的角笛舞。
圣乌苏拉在上！我眼看就要上床了，

您啊，我梦里我那当家的，正要把蜡烛都灭掉，
偏生您就——主啊，我再也不会有那样的好梦
降临到我身上了，只要我——
MARIA.
Peace, idle creature, peace!—When will the court rise?
玛利娅　住口，无聊的东西，住口！——宫里何时起驾？
LUCIO.
Madam, 'twere best you took some lodging up,
And lay in private till the soil of grief
Were clear'd your cheek, and new burnish'd lustre
Clothèd your presence, 'fore you saw the dukes,
And enter'd 'mong the proud Venetian states.
卢西奥　夫人，您最好寻一处寓所，
私下安歇，直到悲恸的污痕
从您面颊上褪去，崭新的光彩
重新披上您的仪容，再见两位公爵
并置身于威尼斯的显贵之中为好。
MARIA.
No, Lucio, my dear lord is wise, and knows
That tinsel glitter, or rich purified robes,
Curl'd hairs, hung full of sparkling carcanets,
Are not the true adornments of a wife.
So long as wives are faithful, modest, chaste,
Wise lords affect them. Virtue doth not waste
With each slight flame of crackling vanity.
A modest eye forceth affection,
Whilst outward gayness' light looks but entice:
Fairer than nature's fair is foulest vice.
She that loves art to get her cheek more lovers,
Much outward gauds, slight inward grace discovers.
I care not to seem fair but to my lord:
Those that strive most to please most strangers' sight,
Folly may judge most fair, wisdom most light.
玛利娅　不，卢西奥，我亲爱的夫君是明智之人，他深知
那闪烁的箔片，或华贵的绣金长袍，
那鬈曲的发丝，缀满璀璨的宝石项圈，
并非为妻者真正的妆奁。
只要妻子们忠贞、端庄、贞洁，
明智的夫君便会爱慕她们。美德不会
随着噼啪作响的虚荣每一缕微焰而耗散。
一双端凝的眼眸能催生爱慕，
而表相的风骚媚眼不过是勾引：
比天然之美更妍丽的，是最卑污的邪行。
那以巧艺为颊上添妆，以博更多慕者的女子，
盛施于外的炫饰，正泄漏了她内里德性的菲薄。
我不在乎为除我夫君以外之人而显娇美：
那些汲汲于取悦更多陌生人眼目者，
愚人或判之为至美，智者视之为至轻。
[Music sounds a short strain.]
[短调音乐响起。]

But hark, soft music gently moves the air!
I think the bridegroom's up. Lucio, stand close.
O now, Maria, challenge grief to stay
Thy joy's encounter. Look, Lucio, 'tis clear day.
可是，听啊，轻柔的乐声正款款拂动空气！
想来是新郎已起身。卢西奥，且退到一旁。
哦，此刻，玛利娅，请你勒令悲恸止步，
莫要冲撞了你那迎面而来的喜悦。看啊，卢西奥，已是清朗的白昼。
[They retire to the back of the stage.]
[二人退至舞台后方。]
Enter ANTONIO, GALEAZZO, MATZAGENTE, BALURDO,
PANDULPHO, FELICHE, ALBERTO, FOROBOSCO, CASTILIO, and a Page.
安东尼奥、加莱亚佐、马扎真特、巴鲁尔多、
潘杜尔福、费利切、阿尔贝托、福罗博斯科、卡斯蒂利奥及一侍童上。
ANTONIO.
Darkness is fled: look, infant morn hath drawn
Bright silver curtains 'bout the couch of night;
And now Aurora's horse trots azure rings,
Breathing fair light about the firmament.
Stand, what's that?
安东尼奥　黑暗已遁去：看，初生的晨光
已为夜的卧榻拉起了明亮的银纱帐；
此刻奥罗拉的骏马正踏着碧蓝的圆环，
将明丽的光辉吐向整个苍穹。
且住，那是何物？
MATZAGENTE.
And if a horned devil should burst forth,
I would pass on him with a mortal stock.
马扎真特　纵使有个长角的魔鬼从中迸出，
我也要迎面而上，给它致命的一刺。
ALBERTO.
Oh, a horned devil would prove ominous
Unto a bridegroom's eyes.
阿尔贝托　哦，对一双新郎的眼睛而言，
长角的魔鬼怕是不祥之兆。
MATZAGENTE.
A horned devil? Good: ha, ha, ha!—very good!
马扎真特　长角的魔鬼？说得好：哈，哈，哈！——妙极！
ALBERTO.
Good tann'd prince, laugh not. By the joys of love,
When thou dost grin, thy rusty face doth look
Like the head of a roasted rabbit: fie upon't!
阿尔贝托　好一张鞣皮脸色的王子，别笑。以爱情的欢愉起誓，
你咧嘴时，那张锈迹斑斑的脸
活像个烤兔头：呸！
BALURDO.
By my troth, methinks his nose is just colour de roy.
巴鲁尔多　凭良心说，我瞧他的鼻子正是王徽色。
MATZAGENTE.

I tell thee, fool, my nose will abide no jest.
马扎真特　我告诉你，傻子，我的鼻子可不容取笑。
BALURDO.
No, in truth, I do not jest; I speak truth.
Truth is the touchstone of all things;
and, if your nose will not abide the truth,
your nose will not abide the touch;
and, if your nose will not abide the touch,
your nose is a copper nose,
and must be nail'd up for a slip.
巴鲁尔多　不，说真的，我可没取笑；我说的是实话。
实话乃万物的试金石；
若你的鼻子容不得实话，
那你的鼻子便经不起试；
若你的鼻子经不起试，
那你的鼻子就是铜鼻子，
便该当作假币给钉上去。
MATZAGENTE.
I scorn to retort the obtuse jest of a fool.
马扎真特　我不屑回敬一个傻子的愚钝玩笑。
[BALURDO draws out his writing tables, and writes.]
[巴鲁尔多掏出书写板，记写。]
BALURDO.
Retort and obtuse, good words, very good words.
巴鲁尔多　回敬，愚钝，好词儿，真是好词儿。
GALEAZZO.
Young prince, look sprightly; fie, a bridegroom sad!
加莱亚佐　年轻的殿下，打起精神来；呸，新郎岂能面色阴郁！
BALURDO.
In truth, if he were retort and obtuse,
no question he would be merry;
but, and please my genius,
I will be most retort and obtuse ere night.
I'll tell you what I'll bear soon at night in my shield,
for my device.
巴鲁尔多　说真的，他若是回敬且愚钝，
那无疑早就欢欢喜喜了；
不过，若我那才赋之神应允，
我不等入夜就要变得顶顶回敬、顶顶愚钝。
我告诉你们，我今晚坎肩上要佩什么图样，
当作我的铭徽。
GALEAZZO.
What, good Balurdo?
加莱亚佐　是什么呀，好巴鲁尔多？
BALURDO.
O, do me right:—Sir Jeffrey Balurdo;
sir, sir, as long as ye live, sir.
巴鲁尔多　哦，称呼要周全：——杰弗里·巴鲁尔多爵士；
爵士，爵士，只要您还活着，就得这么称呼，爵士。

GALEAZZO.
What, good Sir Jeffrey Balurdo?
加莱亚佐　是什么呢，好杰弗里·巴鲁尔多爵士？
BALURDO.
Marry forsooth, I'll carry for my device
my grandfather's great stone horse,
flinging up his head, and jerking out his left leg:
the word, “Wigby Purt.”
As I am a true knight,
will't not be most retort and obtuse, ha?
巴鲁尔多　哎，说实话，我要佩戴的铭徽图样，
是我爷爷的那匹大石马，
昂着脑袋，左腿前伸：
铭辞嘛，「威格比·普尔特」。
凭我正宗骑士的身份发誓，
这岂不顶顶回敬、顶顶愚钝，哈？
ANTONIO.
Blow hence these sapless jests. I tell you, bloods,
My spirit's heavy, and the juice of life
Creeps slowly through my stiffen'd arteries.
Last sleep, my sense was steep'd in horrid dreams:
Three parts of night were swallow'd in the gulf
Of ravenous time, when to my slumb'ring powers,
Two meagre ghosts made apparition.
The one's breast seem'd fresh paunch'd with bleeding wounds,
Whose bubbling gore sprang in my frighted eyes;
The other ghost assum'd my father's shape:
Both cried, “Revenge!” At which my trembling joints,
Iced quite over with a frozed cold sweat,
Leap'd forth the sheets. Three times I grasp'd at shades,
And thrice, deluded by erroneous sense,
I forc'd my thoughts make stand; when lo, I oped
A large bay window, thorough which the night
Struck terror to my soul. The verge of heaven
Was ring'd with flames, and all the upper vault
Thick-lac'd with flakes of fire; in midst whereof
A blazing comet shot his threat'ning train
Just on my face. Viewing these prodigies,
I bow'd my naked knee and pierc'd the star
With an out-facing eye, pronouncing thus:
Deus imperat astris. At which, my nose straight bled;
Then doubted I my word, so slunk to bed.
安东尼奥　把这些寡味的玩笑吹走吧。我告诉你们，各位骄子，
我的心神沉郁，生命的汁液
在我僵凝的血管中爬得迟滞。
上次入睡，我的感官浸在可怖的梦中：
饕餮的时间已将那夜的三停吞进深喉，
就在那时，对我那昏沉的灵魄，

两个枯槁的鬼魂显形而至。
一个的胸脯似被新剖开，伤口滴滴是血，
涌出的血泡喷进我惊惧的眼；
另一个鬼魂化成了我父亲的模样：
两个齐声喊道：「复仇！」我颤栗的关节
立时覆满冻结的冷汗，
从床单间一跃而起。三度我向虚影抓去，
三度被那错谬的感官所欺，
我强令自己的思绪止定；谁料我推开
一扇大凸窗，夜色透过它
将恐怖直击我的灵魂。天穹的边际
被火焰环绕，整个高天之上
密密镶嵌着片片火鳞；其正中，
一颗燃烧的彗星，将那威吓的尾芒
不偏不倚投到我脸上。目睹这些异象，
我屈下裸膝，用对峙的目光射向那星宿，
这般宣诵道：Deus imperat astris。
此言一出，我的鼻孔顿时流血；
于是我怀疑方才之语有亏，便溜回床上。
BALURDO.
Verily, Sir Jeffrey had a monstrous strange dream
the last night. For methought I dreamt I was asleep,
and methought the ground yawn'd and belkt up
the abhominable ghost of a misshapen simile,
with two ugly pages; the one called master,
even as going before; and the other mounser,
even so following after;
whilst Signior Simile stalk'd most prodigiously in the midst.
At which I bewray'd the fearfulness of my nature,
and being ready to forsake the fortress of my wit,
start up, called for a clean shirt, ate a mess of broth,
and with that I awaked.
巴鲁尔多　说实话，杰弗里爵士昨儿夜里
做了一个怪诞透顶的梦。因我梦见我睡着了，
又梦见大地打了个哈欠，嗳上来
一个畸形比喻的可憎鬼魂，
还带着两个丑陋的侍童：一个唤作 master，
仿佛走在前面；另一个唤作 mounser，
便如此跟在后面；
而比喻先生则极其神气活现地踱在正中。
见此，我暴露了我那胆小的天性，
眼看就要放弃我理智的堡垒，
便一跃而起，要了件干净衬衫，喝了碗汤，
就此醒了过来。
ANTONIO.
I prithee, peace. I tell you, gentlemen,
The frightful shades of night yet shake my brain:
My jellied blood's not thaw'd: the sulphur damps,
That flew in winged lightning 'bout my couch,

Yet stick within my sense, my soul is great
In expectation of dire prodigies.
安东尼奥　我求你，安静。我告诉你们，各位，
那夜可怖的阴影仍在我脑中震颤：
我凝冻的血尚未融化：那硫磺的毒雾，
曾以插翅的闪电之姿绕着我床榻纷飞，
至今犹黏附在我感官之上，我的灵魂
因期待着可怖的凶兆而鼓胀。
PANDULPHO.
Tut, my young prince, let not thy fortunes see
Their lord a coward. He that's nobly born
Abhors to fear: base fear's the brand of slaves.
He that observes, pursues, slinks back for fright,
Was never cast in mould of noble sprite.
潘杜尔福　啧，年轻的殿下，莫让你的命运
看见其主人是个懦夫。出身高贵者
鄙弃畏惧：卑下的恐惧是奴隶的烙印。
那遇事则察，继而追索，却因惊怖而退缩者，
从未被浇铸进高贵灵魂的模具。
GALEAZZO.
Tush, there's a sun will straight exhale these damps
Of chilling fear. Come, shall's salute the bride?
加莱亚佐　咄，自有朝阳将这些寒彻心骨的恐惧
化作雾气驱散。来吧，我们可要去问候新娘？
ANTONIO.
Castilio, I prithee mix thy breath with his:
Sing one of Signior Renaldo's airs,
To rouse the slumb'ring bride from gluttoning
In surfeit of superfluous sleep. Good signior, sing.
安东尼奥　卡斯蒂利奥，我请你将你的声音与他的交融：
唱一曲雷纳尔多阁下的歌谣吧，
将沉酣的新娘从那过量睡眠的
餍足中唤醒。好阁下，唱吧。
What means this silence and unmoved calm?
Boy, wind thy cornet: force the leaden gates
Of lazy sleep fly open with thy breath.
My Mellida not up? not stirring yet? umh!
这沉默与凝滞的静谧是何意？
侍童，吹响你的短号：用你的气息
将那慵懒睡眠的铅门强行吹开。
我的梅莉达还未起身？尚无动静？嗯！
MARIA. [Aside.]
That voice should be my son's, Antonio's.
Antonio!
玛利娅　[旁白。] 那声音该是我儿的，安东尼奥的。
安东尼奥！
ANTONIO.
Here: who calls? here stands Antonio.
安东尼奥　在此：谁唤我？安东尼奥在此。
MARIA.

Sweet son!
玛利娅　爱儿！
ANTONIO.
Dear mother!
安东尼奥　亲爱的母亲！
MARIA.
Fair honour of a chaste and loyal bed,
Thy father's beauty, thy sad mother's love,
Were I as powerful as the voice of fate,
Felicity complete should sweet thy state;
But all the blessings that a poor banish'd wretch
Can pour upon thy head, take, gentle son:
Live, gracious youth, to close thy mother's eyes,
Loved of thy parents, till their latest hour.
How cheers my lord, thy father? O sweet boy,
Part of him thus I clip, my dear, dear joy.
玛利娅　贞洁而忠诚的床榻的清白之誉，
你父亲的美貌，你哀伤的母亲的爱怜，
若我有如命运之声那般强大的力量，
圆满的幸福必将令你的境遇甜如蜜；
然而，一个可怜的遭放逐之人
能倾注于你头顶的所有祝福，请收下吧，温雅的孩子：
愿你活着，仁厚的少年，来合上你母亲的眼睑，
受你双亲钟爱，直至他们最后的时辰。
我的夫君，你的父亲，心绪可好？哦，甜美的好孩子，
我这便拥抱他身上的一部分，我珍贵、珍贵的欢欣。
ANTONIO.
Madam, last night I kissed his princely hand,
And took a treasured blessing from his lips.
O mother, you arrive in jubilee,
And firm atonement of all boist'rous rage;
Pleasure, united love, protested faith,
Guard my loved father, as sworn pensioners:
The dukes are leagued in firmest bond of love,
And you arrive even in the solsticy
And highest point of sunshine happiness.
安东尼奥　母亲，昨夜我亲吻了他君王的手，
从他唇间接纳了一份珍藏的祝福。
哦，母亲，您恰在欢庆中到来，
正值那暴烈的狂怒被坚固地和解；
欢愉、交融的友爱、昭昭的信誓，
如宣誓的侍从般守护着我敬爱的父亲：
两位公爵已以最牢固的友爱纽带结盟，
而您恰在如夏至般的、如赤道般的、
那阳光般幸福的最高点到来。
[One winds a cornet within.]
[幕后一人吹响短号。]
Hark, madam, how yon cornet jerketh up
His strain'd shrill accents in the capering air,

As proud to summon up my bright-cheek'd love!
Now, mother, ope wide expectation;
Let loose your amplest sense, to entertain
Th' impression of an object of such worth
That life's too poor to—
听啊，母亲，那短号正如何
将它紧亮的尖音抛向那踊舞的空气，
仿佛骄矜地要唤起我那面颊明艳的爱人！
此刻，母亲，敞开宽广的期待吧；
释放您最充盈的感官，来迎接
那即将显现的景象，其价值之高，
生命都嫌太卑微，不足以——
GALEAZZO.
Nay, leave hyperboles.
加莱亚佐　嗐，别再说这些夸张话了。
ANTONIO.
I tell thee, prince, that presence straight appears
Of which thou canst not form hyperboles;
The trophy of triumphing excellence,
The heart of beauty, Mellida appears.
See, look, the curtain stirs; shine nature's pride,
Love's vital spirit, dear Antonio's bride.
安东尼奥　我告诉你，殿下，那即刻显现的容姿，
恰是你纵用夸张之词也无法形容的；
那凯旋之卓越的锦标，
那美的核心，梅莉达，即将显现。
看，快看，帷幕动了；闪耀吧，造物的骄矜，
爱情的生命之灵，亲爱的安东尼奥的新娘。
[The curtain's drawn, and the body of FELICHE, stabb'd thick with wounds, appears hung up.]
[帷幕拉开，费利切的尸体出现，浑身密布刺伤，高悬其间。]
What villain floods the window of my love?
What slave hath hung yon gory ensign up
In flat defiance of humanity?
Awake, thou fair unspotted purity!
Death's at thy window, awake, bright Mellida!
Antonio calls!
是哪个恶棍冲开了我爱人的窗口？
是哪个奴才将那血污的旗帜高悬，
公然向人伦挑衅？
醒来，你这无瑕的绝美之躯！
死亡就在你窗前，醒来，明丽的梅莉达！
安东尼奥在呼唤！
Enter PIERO, unbraced, with FOROBOSCO.
皮埃罗上，衣襟敞开，福罗博斯科随上。
PIERO.
Who gives these ill-befitting attributes
Of chaste, unspotted, bright, to Mellida?
He lies as loud as thunder: she's unchaste,
Tainted, impure, black as the soul of hell.

皮埃罗　谁将这贞洁、无瑕、明丽等
不当的饰词加于梅莉达？
那人撒的是震天的弥天大谎：她不贞，
被玷污了，不洁，黑如地狱之魂。
[ANTONIO draws his rapier, offers to run at PIERO, but MARIA holds his arm and stays him.]
[安东尼奥拔剑，欲刺向皮埃罗，但玛利娅抓住他的手臂拦住了他。]
ANTONIO.
Dog! I will make thee eat thy vomit up,
Which thou hast belkt 'gainst taintless Mellida.
安东尼奥　狗东西！我要叫你把你那
喷向纯洁的梅莉达的秽物吞回去。
PIERO.
Ram't quickly down, that it may not rise up
To imbraid my thoughts. Behold my stomach;
Strike me quite through with the relentless edge
Of raging fury.
皮埃罗　快把那秽物塞下去，免得它再翻上来
责斥我的心思。看我的胃腹；
用狂暴的怒火之无情锋刃，
把我也一并刺穿吧。
Boy, I'll kill thy love.
Pandulph Feliche, I have stabb'd thy son:
Look, yet his lifeblood reeks upon this steel.
Albert, yon hangs thy friend. Have none of you
Courage of vengeance? Forget I am your duke;
Think Mellida is not Piero's blood;
Imagine on slight ground I'll blast his honour;
Suppose I saw not that incestuous slave,
Clipping the strumpet with luxurious twins!
O, numb my sense of anguish, cast my life
In a dead sleep, whilst law cuts off yon maim,
Yon putrid ulcer of my royal blood!
小子，我会杀了你的心上人。
潘杜尔福·费利切，我刺死了你的儿子：
看，他的血还在这利刃上冒着热气。
阿尔贝托，你的朋友就吊在那里。你们谁也没有
复仇的胆量？忘记我是你们的公爵吧；
想着梅莉达身上没有皮埃罗的血统；
假想我仅凭纤芥之由就毁了他的名誉；
假想我未曾看见那乱伦的奴才，
用淫荡的双腿夹着那娼妇！
哦，麻痹我的痛楚之感吧，将我的生命
投入一场死眠，让律法去斩除那祸根，
那源自我帝王之血的溃烂脓疮！
FOROBOSCO.
Keep league with reason, gracious sovereign.
福罗博斯科　与理性为盟吧，仁慈的君主。
PIERO.
There glow no sparks of reason in the world;
All are rak'd up in ashy beastliness.

The bulk of man's as dark as Erebus,
No branch of reason's light hangs in his trunk:
There lives no reason to keep league withal.
I ha' no reason to be reasonable.
Her wedding eve, link'd to the noble blood
Of my most firmly-reconciled friend,
And found even cling'd in sensuality!
O heaven! O heaven! Were she as near my heart
As is my liver, I would rend her off.
皮埃罗　这世间已没有理性的火星在闪耀；
一切都被掩埋在灰烬般的兽行之下。
人的躯壳如幽冥般黑暗，
理性的光没有一根枝条挂在他的肉身之上：
此间已无理性可与之结盟。
我也没有理由讲什么理性。
她的新婚前夜，已与我那最坚稳重修旧好的朋友
之高贵血统相缔结，
竟被发现与人淫亵缠绵！
哦，苍天！哦，苍天！纵使她与我之心
如肝般贴近，我也要将她撕下。
Enter STROTZO.
斯特罗佐上。
STROTZO.
Whither, O whither shall I hurl vast grief!
斯特罗佐　何处，哦，我该将这巨大的悲恸投向何处！
PIERO.
Here, into my breast: 'tis a place built wide
By fate, to give receipt to boundless woes.
皮埃罗　这里，投进我胸中：此处是命运
为了容纳无尽的苦难而筑得宽敞的所在。
STROTZO.
O no; here throb those hearts, which I must cleave
With my keen-piercing news. Andrugio's dead.
斯特罗佐　哦，不；在此抽痛的这些心，我必须
用我锐刺般的消息将它们劈开。安德鲁吉奥死了。
PIERO.
Dead!
皮埃罗　死了！
MARIA.
O me, most miserable!
玛利娅　哦，我，苦命至绝！
PIERO.
Dead! alas, how dead?
[Gives seeming passion.]
[Aside.] Fut, weep, act, feign—
Dead! alas, how dead?
皮埃罗　死了！天啊，怎么死的？
[佯装悲恸。]

[旁白。] 咄，哭，做戏，装假——
死了！天啊，怎么死的？
STROTZO.
The vast delights of his large sudden joys
Open'd his powers so wide, that 's native heat
So prodigally flow'd t' exterior parts,
That th' inner citadel was left unmann'd,
And so surpris'd on sudden by cold death.
斯特罗佐　他骤然而至的巨量欢欣之浩荡狂喜，
将他身体的孔隙豁然大开，以致那先天之热
如此挥霍地奔流至外部诸部，
那内里的中枢府邸竟致无人留守，
遂被冰冷的死亡猝然袭取。
MARIA.
O fatal, disastrous, cursed, dismal!
Choke breath and life! I breathe, I live too long.
Andrugio, my lord, I come, I come!
[Swoons.]
玛利娅　哦，好不致命、惨烈、诅咒、凄悲！
窒息吧，呼吸与生命！我还在呼吸，我活得太久了。
安德鲁吉奥，我的夫君，我来了，我来了！
[晕厥。]
PIERO.
Be cheerful, princess; help, Castilio,
The lady's swounèd; help to bear her in:
Slow comfort to huge cares is swiftest sin.
皮埃罗　振作些，王妃；救人，卡斯蒂利奥，
这位夫人晕过去了；帮把手扶她进去：
对深重的忧戚，温吞的安慰便是最迅捷的罪过。
BALURDO.
Courage, courage, sweet lady, 'tis Sir Jeffrey Balurdo
bids you courage. Truly I am as nimble
as an elephant about a lady.
巴鲁尔多　打起精神，打起精神，好夫人，是杰弗里·巴鲁尔多爵士
嘱咐您打起精神。说实话，我围着女士转起来，
可像大象一般利索。
[Exeunt PIERO, CASTILIO, FOROBOSCO, and BALURDO, bearing out MARIA.]
[皮埃罗、卡斯蒂利奥、福罗博斯科及巴鲁尔多扶玛利娅下。]
PANDULPHO.
Dead!
潘杜尔福　死了！
ANTONIO.
Dead!
安东尼奥　死了！
ALBERTO.
Dead!
阿尔贝托　死了！
ANTONIO.

Why, now the womb of mischief is deliver'd,
Of the prodigious issue of the night.
安东尼奥　唉，此刻，灾祸的子宫已分娩，
诞下了昨夜那凶兆的异种。
PANDULPHO.
Ha, ha, ha!
潘杜尔福　哈，哈，哈！
ANTONIO.
My father dead: my love attaint of lust,—
That's a large lie, as vast as spacious hell!
Poor guiltless lady! O, accursed lie!
What, whom, whither, which shall I first lament?
A dead father, a dishonour'd wife?
Stand. Methinks I feel the frame of nature shake.
Cracks not the joints of earth to bear my woes?
安东尼奥　我父亲死了：我的爱人蒙上了淫邪的污名——
那是多弥天的谎，如寥廓的地狱般广大！
可怜的清白无辜之人！哦，可诅咒的谎言！
什么，谁人，往何处去，该先为哪一桩悲悼？
一个死去的父亲，一个被玷辱的妻子？
且住。我觉得自然的框架在颤抖。
大地的关节难道没有因承载我的苦难而崩裂吗？
ALBERTO.
Sweet prince, be patient.
阿尔贝托　亲爱的殿下，请忍耐。
ANTONIO.
'Slid, sir, I will not in despite of thee.
Patience is slave to fools: a chain that's fixt
Only to posts, and senseless log-like dolts.
安东尼奥　妈的，先生，我偏不，你再劝也白搭。
忍耐是愚人的奴隶：一条只拴在
木桩和毫无知觉的呆木头身上的锁链。
ALBERTO.
'Tis reason's glory to command affects.
阿尔贝托　驾驭情感乃是理性的荣耀。
ANTONIO.
Lies thy cold father dead, his glossed eyes
New clos'd up by thy sad mother's hands?
Hast thou a love, as spotless as the brow
Of clearest heaven, blurr'd with false defames?
Are thy moist entrails crumpled up with grief
Of parching mischiefs? Tell me, does thy heart
With punching anguish spur thy galled ribs?
Then come, let's sit and weep and wreathe our arms:
I'll hear thy counsel.
安东尼奥　你冰冷的父亲可曾死去，他那光泽的双眼
可曾由你悲伤的母亲亲手合上？
你可曾有一个爱人，如澄澈天宇的额头般
清白无瑕，却被污蔑的诽谤所玷辱？

你可曾湿润的腑脏
被焦灼的灾厄之哀恸揉得皱缩？
告诉我，你的心可曾
用刺痛你磨伤肋骨的剧痛来踢刺？
若如此，那就来，我们坐下同哭，彼此交缠手臂：
我倒要听听你的劝告。
ALBERTO.
Take comfort.
阿尔贝托　请节哀。
ANTONIO.
Confusion to all comfort! I defy it.
Comfort's a parasite, a flattering jack,
And melts resolv'd despair. O boundless woe,
If there be any black yet unknown grief,
If there be any horror yet unfelt,
Unthought of mischief in thy fiend-like power,
Dash it upon my miserable head;
Make me more wretch, more curs'd if thou canst!
O, now my fate is more than I could fear:
My woes more weighty than my soul can bear.
[Exit.]
安东尼奥　让一切安慰都见鬼去！我藐视它。
安慰是个谄媚的食客，一个拍马屁的下人，
只会将坚定的绝望消融。哦，无边的悲苦，
若还有我所未知的任何阴惨惨的哀恸，
若还有我未曾感受的任何怖栗，
在那魔鬼般的法力中还有未想到的灾祸，
就把它砸到我悲惨的头上来吧；
若你有这能耐，就让我更卑贱、更受诅咒吧！
哦，如今我的命运已超出了我所能畏惧的：
我的悲苦已重于我灵魂所能承载的。
[下。]
PANDULPHO.
Ha, ha, ha!
潘杜尔福　哈，哈，哈！
ALBERTO.
Why laugh you, uncle? That's my coz, your son,
Whose breast hangs cas'd in his cluttered gore.
阿尔贝托　您为何发笑，伯父？那可是我的堂兄，您的儿子，
他的胸膛就悬在那里，裹着一身凝结的血块。
PANDULPHO.
True, man, true: why, wherefore should I weep?
Come, sit, kind nephew: come on; thou and I
Will talk as chorus to this tragedy.
Entreat the music strain their instruments
With a slight touch, whilst we—Say on, fair coz.
潘杜尔福　是啊，老弟，是啊：唉，我为何要哭呢？
来，坐下，好侄儿；来吧；你和我
权且充当这出悲剧的歌队。

请乐师们以轻柔的触碰
调弄他们的乐器，容我们——说吧，好侄儿。
ALBERTO.
He was the very hope of Italy,
[Music sounds softly.]
The blooming honour of your drooping age.
阿尔贝托　他正是意大利的寄望所在，
[乐声轻柔响起。]
您衰颓之年的盛放荣光。
PANDULPHO.
True, coz, true. They say that men of hope are crush'd;
Good are supprest by base desertless clods,
That stifle gasping virtue. Look, sweet youth,
How provident our quick Venetians are,
Lest hooves of jades should trample on my boy:
Look how they lift him up to eminence,
Heave him 'bove reach of flesh. Ha, ha, ha!
潘杜尔福　是啊，侄儿，是啊。人说有希望的人总被碾碎；
良善者被卑鄙无能之辈压制，
被他们扼住喘息的德性。看，好少年，
我们机敏的威尼斯人多么有先见之明，
免得驽马的蹄子践踏到我的孩子：
看他们将他抬到高处，
举到凡躯触碰不到之处。哈，哈，哈！
ALBERTO.
Uncle, this laughter ill becomes your grief.
阿尔贝托　伯父，这笑声与您的悲恸实不相称。
PANDULPHO.
Wouldst have me cry, run raving up and down,
For my son's loss? Wouldst have me turn rank mad,
Or wring my face with mimic action;
Stamp, curse, weep, rage, and then my bosom strike?
Away, 'tis aspish action, player-like.
If he is guiltless, why should tears be spent?
Thrice blessed soul that dieth innocent.
If he is leper'd with so foul a guilt,
Why should a sigh be lent, a tear be spilt?
The gripe of chance is weak to wring a tear
From him that knows what fortitude should bear.
Listen, young blood. 'Tis not true valour's pride
To swagger, quarrel, swear, stamp, rave, and chide,
To stab in fume of blood, to keep loud coil,
To bandy factions in domestic broils,
To dare the act of sins, whose filth excels
The blackest customs of blind infidels.
No, my lov'd youth: he may of valour vaunt
Whom fortune's loudest thunder cannot daunt;
Whom fretful gales of chance, stern fortune's siege,

Makes not his reason slink, the soul's fair liege;
Whose well-pais'd action ever rests upon
Not giddy humours, but discretion.
This heart in valour even Jove out-goes:
Jove is without, but this 'bove sense of woes;
And such a one, eternity. Behold—
Good morrow, son; thou bid'st a fig for cold.
[Loud music.]
Loud louder music: let my breath exact
You strike sad tones unto this dismal act.
[Exeunt.]
潘杜尔福　你要我为失子之痛而哭泣，
四处狂奔咆哮？你要我变得十足疯癫，
或是用那模拟的伎俩扭曲我的面孔；
跺脚，诅咒，哭泣，暴怒，再捶打自己的胸膛？
去，那是猿猴的行径，戏子般的作派。
倘若他清白无辜，何必浪费眼泪？
无辜而死的灵魂乃三倍有福。
倘若他身染如此秽恶的罪愆，
又何必施舍叹息，挥洒泪珠？
命运之手的攥握，无力从一个
深明坚忍之人身上拧出半滴泪。
听着，年轻的血性。真正勇武的骄矜
不是叫嚣，争吵，赌咒，跺脚，咆哮，斥骂，
不是在血气之怒中捅刀子，掀起喧嚣的纷扰，
不是在家族的内斗中结党互殴，
不是敢于犯下其秽恶远超
盲目的异教徒最黑陋之俗的行径。
不，我钟爱的少年：能夸耀勇武的，
是那命运最响的雷霆也吓不倒的人；
是那乖戾的际遇之风、严酷的命运之围城，
也无法令其理性——那灵魂的堂堂主君——畏缩退避的人；
他那稳衡的行动始终倚靠的，
不是轻浮的情绪，而是审慎明断。
这颗心中之勇武，甚至超越了约夫：
约夫是无感于苦，此心却是凌驾于苦；
而这般人物，便是永恒。看啊——
早安，吾儿；你把寒冷视若草芥。
[乐声大作。]
响些，奏得更响些：让我的气息强令你们
为这凄惨的一幕奏出悲哀的曲调。
[同下。]

ACT II, SCENE I
第二幕，第一场
A dumb show.
哑剧。

The cornets sound a senet.
短号奏入场乐。
Enter two mourners with torches, two with streamers; CASTILIO and FOROBOSCO, with torches; a Herald bearing ANDRUGIO'S helm and sword; the coffin; MARIA supported
by LUCIO and ALBERTO; Antonio, by
himself; PIERO and STROTZO, talking; GALEAZZO and MATZAGENTE,
BALURDO and PANDULPHO: the coffin set down; helm, sword, and streamers hung up, placed by the Herald, whilst ANTONIO and MARIA wet their handkerchers with their tears, kiss them, and lay them on the hearse, kneeling: all go out but PIERO. Cornets cease, and he speaks.
二持火把、二持丧旗的送葬者上；卡斯蒂利奥与福罗博斯科持火把上；一传令官捧安德鲁吉奥之盔剑上；棺木上；玛利娅由卢西奥与阿尔贝托扶持上；安东尼奥独自上；皮埃罗与斯特罗佐交谈着上；加莱亚佐与马扎真特、巴鲁尔多与潘杜尔福上：棺木放下；盔、剑及丧旗由传令官挂好，同时安东尼奥与玛利娅以泪沾湿手帕，亲吻手帕，将其置于柩台之上，跪地；除皮埃罗外众人皆下。短号声止，皮埃罗开言。
PIERO.
Rot there, thou cerecloth that enfolds the flesh
Of my loath'd foe; moulder to crumbling dust;
Oblivion choke the passage of thy fame!
Trophies of honour'd birth drop quickly down:
Let nought of him, but what was vicious, live.
Though thou art dead, think not my hate is dead:
I have but newly twone my arm in the curl'd locks
Of snaky vengeance. Pale, beetle-brow'd hate
But newly bustles up. Sweet wrong, I clap thy thoughts!
O let me hug thy bosom, rub thy breast,
In hope of what may hap. Andrugio rots,
Antonio lives: umh: how long? ha, ha! how long?
Antonio pack'd hence, I'll his mother wed,
Then clear my daughter of supposed lust,
Wed her to Florence' heir. O excellent!
Venice, Genoa, Florence at my beck,
At Piero's nod.
皮埃罗　在那儿腐烂吧，你这裹着我那
可憎仇敌尸肉的裹尸布；碎成齑粉吧；
湮灭无闻将你声望的通道堵塞！
高贵出身之荣勋，速速坠落吧：
除了他的恶行之外，莫让任何存留。
纵然你死了，莫以为我的恨也死了：
我的手臂方才重新缠入
蛇一般的复仇之鬈曲的发绺中。苍白、阴沉的恨
方才重新翻腾起来。甘美的冤屈，我为你鼓掌！
哦，让我拥抱你的胸，揉搓你的胸膛，
期待那可能降临的事。安德鲁吉奥腐烂了，
安东尼奥还活着：嗯：还能活多久？哈，哈！还能活多久？
把安东尼奥除掉，我便娶了他的母亲，
再洗清我女儿那强加的淫名，
将她嫁与佛罗伦斯的嗣君。哦，妙极！
威尼斯、热那亚、佛罗伦萨都听我号令，
凭我皮埃罗一点头。
Balurdo, O ho!
O 'twill be rare, all unsuspected done.

I have been nursed in blood, and still have suck'd
The steam of reeking gore. Balurdo, ho!
巴鲁尔多，哦嚯！
哦，那将是多美妙，一切做得天衣无缝。
我自幼便以血为哺，至今仍吮吸着
那冒着热气的血之蒸汽。巴鲁尔多，哦嚯！
Enter BALURDO with a beard, half off, half on.
巴鲁尔多上，胡子半脱半挂。
BALURDO.
When my beard is on, most noble prince,
when my beard is on.
巴鲁尔多　等我的胡子挂正了，最高贵的殿下，
等我的胡子挂正了。
PIERO.
Why, what dost thou with a beard?
皮埃罗　咦，你挂着副胡子做什么？
BALURDO.
In truth, one told me that my wit was bald,
and that a mermaid was half fish and half fish;
and therefore to speak wisely, like one of your counsel,
as indeed it hath pleased you to make me,
not only being a fool of your counsel,
but also to make me of your counsel being a fool:
if my wit be bald, and a mermaid be half fish and half conger,
then I must be forced to conclude—
The tiring man hath not glued on my beard half fast enough.
God's bores, it will not stick to fall off.
巴鲁尔多　说实话，有人告诉我，我的才智是秃的，
又说美人鱼是一半鱼一半鱼；
所以为了说话有智，像个您枢密院的人，
——说到这个，您确实乐意让我当了，
不单是当了您枢密院里的傻瓜，
还让我这傻瓜当了您的枢密——
若是我的才智是秃的，美人鱼又是一半鱼一半海鳗，
那我就不得不结论——
那化妆师给我粘胡子粘得太不牢了。
上帝的孔眼哪，它直是要掉。
PIERO.
Dost thou know what thou hast spoken all this while?
皮埃罗　你可知道你这半天都说了些什么？
BALURDO.
O lord, duke, I would be sorry of that.
Many men can utter that which no man
but themselves can conceive: but I thank a good wit,
I have the gift to speak that which neither any man else
nor myself understands.
巴鲁尔多　哦主啊，公爵，那我可是要难过的。
好些人能说出除了他们自己再无旁人
能领会的话：但我得感谢一副好才智，

我有天分能说出那既无旁人、
连我自己都不懂的话。
PIERO.
Thou art wise. He that speaks he knows not what,
shall never sin against his own conscience: go to, thou art wise.
皮埃罗　你这算是智慧。说话不知自己在说什么的人，
绝不会得罪自己的良知：行，你有智慧。
BALURDO.
Wise? O no, I have a little natural discretion, or so;
but for wise, I am somewhat prudent;
but for wise, O lord!
巴鲁尔多　智慧？哦，不，我倒有一点与生俱来的判断力，差不离儿；
但论智慧嘛，我有几分审慎；
但论智慧嘛，哦，主啊！
PIERO.
Hold, take those keys, open the castle vault,
And put in Mellida.
皮埃罗　拿着，拿这些钥匙，去打开城堡的地牢，
把梅莉达关进去。
BALURDO.
And put in Mellida? Well, let me alone.
巴鲁尔多　把梅莉达关进去？行，交给我吧。
PIERO.
Bid Forobosco and Castilio guard;
Endear thyself Piero's intimate.
皮埃罗　吩咐福罗博斯科和卡斯蒂利奥看守；
让你自己成为皮埃罗的密友亲信。
BALURDO.
Endear, and intimate; good, I assure you.
I will endear and intimate Mellida
into the dungeon presently.
巴鲁尔多　密友，亲信；好，我向您保证。
我这就去把梅莉达亲密友信地
关进地牢。
PIERO.
Will Pandulpho Feliche wait on me.
皮埃罗　去叫潘杜尔福·费利切来见我。
BALURDO.
I will make him come, most retort and obtuse,
to you presently. I think Sir Jeffrey talks like a counsellor.
Go to, god's neaks, I think I tickle it.
巴鲁尔多　我这就叫他顶顶回敬且愚钝地
到您跟前来。我看杰弗里爵士说话真像个枢密官。
行啊，上帝的颈脖哪，我看我干得挺不赖。
PIERO.
I'll seem to wind yon fool with kindest arm.
He that's ambitious-minded, and but man,
Must have his followers beasts, damn'd slavish sots,
Whose service is obedience, and whose wit

Reacheth no further than to admire their lord,
And stare in adoration of his worth.
I loathe a slave, rak'd out of common mud,
Should seem to sit in counsel with my heart.
High-honour'd blood's too squeamish to assent
And lend a hand to an ignoble act:
Poison from roses who could e'er abstract?
皮埃罗　我要用最和气的胳膊来笼络那个傻瓜。
凡是胸怀野心之人，也不过是个人，
便须得有些畜生般的随从，些个可诅咒的奴才笨蛋，
他们的差事就是服从，他们的才智
出不了仰慕主子和呆眼崇拜其价值
这个圈子。
我厌恶从寻常污泥中耙出的奴才
也配来坐在我那心机的枢密会中。
高贵光荣的血统过于娇贵，不肯颔首
将手借给卑下的勾当：
谁能从玫瑰中提炼出毒药来？
Enter PANDULPHO.
潘杜尔福上。
How now, Pandulpho? weeping for thy son?
怎么着，潘杜尔福？在为你的儿子哭泣？
PANDULPHO.
No, no, Piero, weeping for my sins:
Had I been a good father, he had been
A gracious son.
潘杜尔福　不，不，皮埃罗，在为我自己的罪哭泣：
若我曾是个好父亲，他本会
是个有德的好儿子。
PIERO.
Pollution must be purged.
皮埃罗　污秽必须被肃清。
PANDULPHO.
Why taint'st thou then the air with stench of flesh,
And human putrefaction's noisome scent?
I pray his body. Who less boon can crave
Than to bestow upon the dead his grave?
潘杜尔福　那你为何还用那尸肉的恶臭，
和人体腐烂的毒瘴来污染空气？
我请求安葬他的遗体。谁还能提
比赐死者以坟墓更微不足道的请求？
PIERO.
Grave! Why, think'st thou he deserves a grave,
That hath defil'd the temple of—
皮埃罗　坟墓！怎么，你以为那玷污了——
圣殿的人还配有一座坟墓？
PANDULPHO.
Peace, peace!
Methinks I hear a humming murmur creep
From out his jellied wounds. Look on those lips,

Those now lawn pillows, on whose tender softness
Chaste modest speech, stealing from out his breast,
Had wont to rest itself, as loath to post
From out so fair an inn! look, look, they seem to stir
And breathe defiance to black obliquity!
潘杜尔福　住口，住口！
我似乎听见一阵嗡嗡的低语
从他凝冻的伤口中爬出来。看那双唇，
那双此刻细麻枕般的唇，在那柔嫩的柔软上，
贞洁端方的言语，从他胸中悄悄流出，
曾惯于在那儿歇息，仿佛不忍遽然离去那如此
美好的逆旅！看，看，它们似乎在翕动，
在向那黑沉沉的诬枉吐出蔑视！
PIERO.
Think'st thou thy son could suffer wrongfully?
皮埃罗　你以为你的儿子会被冤屈吗？
PANDULPHO.
A wise man wrongfully, but never wrong
Can take; his breast's of such well-tempered proof
It may be raz'd, not pierc'd by savage tooth
Of foaming malice: showers of darts may dark
Heaven's ample brow, but not strike out a spark,
Much less pierce the sun's cheek.
Such songs as these
I often dittied till my boy did sleep;
But now I turn plain fool, alas, I weep.
潘杜尔福　智者会被冤屈，但永不会
承受冤屈；他的胸膛是那般淬炼精良，
可以被擦伤，却不会被那翻沫的恶意之
野蛮利齿所刺穿：箭雨可以遮蔽
昊天那寥廓的额面，却不能击出一星火花，
更遑论刺穿太阳的面颊。
这样的歌谣，
我过去常在孩子入睡之际编唱；
可如今我成了十足的傻瓜，唉，我哭了。
PIERO. [Aside.]
'Fore heaven he makes me shrug; would 'a were dead.
He is a virtuous man: what has our court to do
With virtue, in the devil's name!—
Pandulpho, hark:
My lustful daughter dies; start not, she dies.
I pursue justice; I love sanctity,
And an undefiled temple of pure thoughts.
Shall I speak freely? Good Andrugio's dead:
And I do fear a fetch; but (umh) would I durst speak—
I do mistrust but (umh)—
[Aside.] Death is he all, all man,
Hath he no part of mother in him, ha?
No licorish womanish inquisitiveness?

皮埃罗　[旁白。] 苍天在上，他令我不寒而栗；真愿他死了才好。
他是个有德之人：我们这宫里与美德何干，
以魔鬼之名！——
潘杜尔福，听好：
我那淫邪的女儿要死；别吃惊，她要死。
我追求公义；我爱好圣洁，
和一座未经玷污的纯净思虑之殿堂。
我能否直言？善良的安德鲁吉奥死了：
我怕是阴谋；可是（嗯）我但愿敢说——
我是疑心可（嗯）——
[旁白。] 死家伙，他难道浑身是胆，全是男子气，
难道身上就没有半点母性的成分，哈？
就没有半点饶舌的、女人气的穷追不舍？
PANDULPHO.
Andrugio's dead!
潘杜尔福　安德鲁吉奥死了！
PIERO.
Ay; and I fear his own unnatural blood,
To whom he gave life, hath given death for life.
[Aside.] How could he come on? I see false suspect
Is voiced; wrung hardly in a virtuous heart.—
Well, I could give you reason for my doubts:
You are of honour'd birth, my very friend:
You know how god-like 'tis to root out sin.
Antonio is a villain: will you join
In oath with me against the traitor's life,
And swear you knew he sought his father's death?
I loved him well, yet I love justice more:
Our friends we should affect, justice adore.
皮埃罗　是啊；而且我担心是他那逆伦的亲骨肉，
那受了他生命之恩的人，以死偿了生。
[旁白。] 他怎么能接话呢？我看这虚假的猜疑
既已出了口；从一个有德的人心内硬榨出来，可真不容易。——
罢了，我可以为我的疑虑给你理由：
你是出身高贵的人，我真正的朋友：
你知道铲除罪恶是多么神圣的事。
安东尼奥是个恶棍：你愿否与我
一同立誓，要取那叛贼的性命，
并宣誓证实你早知他图谋弑父？
我爱他甚深，但我爱公义更深：
朋友我们该喜爱，公义更当崇拜。
PANDULPHO.
My lord, the clapper of my mouth's not glibb'd
With court-oil, 'twill not strike on both sides yet.
潘杜尔福　大人，我这嘴巴的钟舌还没
被宫廷的油膏润滑过，它还敲不到两面去呢。
PIERO.
'Tis just that subjects act commands of kings.
皮埃罗　臣民奉行君王的命令方为公正。
PANDULPHO.

Command then just and honourable things.
潘杜尔福　那就请命令公正而体面的事。
PIERO.
Even so, myself then will traduce his guilt.
皮埃罗　正是如此，那我便亲自来指证他的罪。
PANDULPHO.
Beware, take heed, lest guiltless blood be spilt.
潘杜尔福　当心，慎之，莫让无辜的血溅洒。
PIERO.
Where only honest deeds to kings are free,
It is no empire, but a beggary.
皮埃罗　君王若只能行合宜之事，
那便不是帝国，而是乞丐行当。
PANDULPHO.
Where more than noble deeds to kings are free,
It is no empire, but a tyranny.
潘杜尔福　君王若可行超乎正道之事，
那便不是帝国，而是暴君僭政。
PIERO.
Tush, juiceless greybeard, 'tis immunity,
Proper to princes, that our state exacts;
Our subjects not alone to bear, but praise our acts.
皮埃罗　咄，枯槁的老货，这是我们地位所要求的、
属于君主特有的豁免权；
臣民不仅要容忍，还得颂扬我们的作为。
PANDULPHO.
O, but that prince, that worthful praise aspires,
From hearts, and not from lips, applause desires.
潘杜尔福　哦，可是那渴求真正可贵的赞誉的君主，
他所渴望的喝彩出自人心，而非人口。
PIERO.
Pish!
True praise the brow of common men doth ring,
False only girts the temple of a king.
He that hath strength and 's ignorant of power,
He was not made to rule, but to be rul'd.
皮埃罗　嗤！
真正的赞美环绕的是平民的额头，
虚假的赞美才束在国王的鬓角。
那有力量却不知使用权势之人，
生来不是去统治，而是被统治的。
PANDULPHO.
'Tis praise to do, not what we can, but should.
潘杜尔福　真正的赞誉在于行所当行，而非行所能行。
PIERO.
Hence, doting stoic! by my hope of bliss,
I'll make thee wretched.
皮埃罗　滚开，昏聩的斯多亚派！凭我对天福的指望，
我定要叫你苦不堪言。

PANDULPHO.
Defiance to thy power, thou rifted jawn!
Now, by the loved heaven, sooner thou shalt
Rinse thy foul ribs from the black filth of sin
That soots thy heart than make me wretched. Pish!
Thou canst not coop me up. Hadst thou a jail
With treble walls, like antique Babylon,
Pandulpho can get out. I tell thee, duke,
I have old Fortunatus' wishing-cap,
And can be where I list even in a trice.
I'll skip from earth into the arms of heaven:
And from triumphal arch of blessedness,
Spit on thy frothy breast.
Thou canst not slave
Or banish me; I will be free at home,
Maugre the beard of greatness. The portholes
Of sheathed spirit are ne'er corbed up,
But still stand open ready to discharge
Their precious shot into the shrouds of heaven.
潘杜尔福　蔑视你的权势，你这豁裂的深渊！
此刻，凭我所爱的上天为誓，你涤净
你那污黑的肋骨上、熏黑了你的心肠的
黑色罪垢，也比令我苦不堪言来得容易。呸！
你囚不住我的。你纵有一座
三重高墙的监狱，有如古巴比伦，
潘杜尔福也能脱身。我告诉你，公爵，
我有老福图纳图斯的许愿帽，
能随心所欲，瞬间抵达。
我从地上跳进天堂的怀抱：
再从至福的凯旋拱门上，
往你那冒着白沫的胸膛上啐唾沫。
你无法奴役我，
也无法放逐我；我在家中便是自由之身，
无视权势的威吓。那入鞘的灵魂之炮门
从不曾被封堵，
永远敞开，准备将
它们珍贵的弹药射入天穹的怀抱。
PIERO.
O torture! slave, I banish thee the town,
Thy native seat of birth.
皮埃罗　哦，折磨！奴才，我将你逐出此城，
逐出你土生土长之地。
PANDULPHO.
How proud thou speak'st! I tell thee, duke, the blasts
Of the swoll'n-cheek'd winds, nor all the breath of kings
Can puff me out my native seat of birth.
The earth's my body's, and the heaven's my soul's
Most native place of birth, which they will keep
Despite the menace of mortality.

Why, duke,
That's not my native place, where I was rock'd.
A wise man's home is whereso'er he is wise;
Now that, from man, not from the place, doth rise.
潘杜尔福　你说得多骄狂！我告诉你，公爵，那
鼓腮的风暴，连同一切君王的气息，
也不能将我从我土生土长之地吹走。
大地是我身体、天穹是我灵魂的
最原初的出生地，它们将持有这身份，
任凭死亡之辈恫吓。
唉，公爵，
那摇我摇篮之处，并非我的故土。
智者之家，在他能行智的每一寸土；
而智，源于人，而非源于地。
PIERO.
Would I were deaf! O plague! Hence, dotard wretch!
Tread not in court: all that thou hast, I seize.
[Aside.] His quiet's firmer than I can disease.
皮埃罗　我但愿自己聋了！哦，瘟疫！滚开，老昏虫！
不得踏入宫廷：你所有的一切，我全数没收。
[旁白。] 他内心的安宁，比我所能搅扰的更为稳固。
PANDULPHO.
Go, boast unto thy flatt'ring sycophants
Pandulpho's slave Piero hath o'erthrown:
Loose fortune's rags are lost, my own's my own.
[PIERO going out, looks back.]
'Tis true, Piero, thy vex'd heart shall see,
Thou hast but tripp'd my slave, not conquered me.
[Exeunt at several doors.]
潘杜尔福　去，到你那些谄媚的马屁精跟前夸口，
说皮埃罗击垮了潘杜尔福的奴隶：
无常命运的破布片既失，我自己的仍属我自己。
[皮埃罗出门，回头而视。]
的确，皮埃罗，你那烦乱的心将亲眼看见，
你不过绊倒了我的奴隶，并未征服我。
[各自下。]

ACT II, SCENE II
第二幕，第二场
Before the palace of PIERO.
皮埃罗宫前。
Enter ANTONIO and ALBERTO, with books; LUCIO meeting them.
安东尼奥与阿尔贝托持书上；卢西奥迎上。
LUCIO.
Fair prince, look sprightly: fie, a bridegroom sad!
What, crown your brow with mourning, at the joy
Of your dear father's honour and your love?

Be politically courtly: clap not on
A leaden conscience to a golden fortune.
卢西奥　俊美的殿下，打起精神来：呸，新郎岂可面带忧戚！
怎么，在你亲爱的父亲得了荣耀、
你的爱情在望之际，却用哀恸来笼罩眉宇？
要学着在朝中周旋：莫把一副铅铸的良心
扣到一顶黄金的运势上去。
ANTONIO.
Good Lucio, leave thy shallow sophistry.
I am not schools'd with politic hests,
Nor stand on colours of despite or love;
My heart is honest, and my soul devout,
And naught but conscience doth my peace remove.
安东尼奥　好卢西奥，收起你那肤浅的诡辩吧。
我未受教于那套权衡机宜的训诫，
也不靠着憎恶或恩宠的颜色来立足；
我的心是坦诚的，我的灵魂是虔诚的，
唯有良知能移去我的安宁。
ALBERTO.
I am your friend, and I do love your right.
Give me your grief; I'll give you patience.
阿尔贝托　我是你的朋友，我珍爱你的权利。
把你的悲恸交给我；我将予你忍耐。
ANTONIO.
Patience! Good name, good man. Of all life's goods,
Patience the best. Yet since that meagre fiend
Ent'red my father's breast, I'll not lock hands
With that same Gorgon. O, I am laid bare,
And all my troubled senses thrown wide ope,
To brook the worst of wrongs.
安东尼奥　忍耐！好名目，好人。人生诸善之中，
忍耐乃最上品。然而，既然那个枯槁的恶魔
已钻入我父亲的胸膛，我便决不会
与那个戈耳工握手。哦，我被剥得精光，
我所有混乱的感官全都豁然大敞，
来承受那最坏的冤屈。
LUCIO.
And so stand fool.
卢西奥　那你就这样傻站着吧。
ANTONIO.
I, fool? No, sir; by heaven, I stand stock-still,
And nothing can remove me.
安东尼奥　我，傻瓜？不，先生；苍天在上，我站着一动不动，
任什么也移不走我。
ALBERTO.
O, but patience, sir!
阿尔贝托　哦，可是，忍耐啊，殿下！
ANTONIO.
Patience, sir? 'Tis a word for beasts,
For blockheads and for drudges. Look, Alberto.

'Tis not the stoic schools, or the precepts
Of old Academus, that can make me patient.
My father's murder'd! O, I'll think on that,
And on my love attainted, till my soul
Grows wild, and all my entrails shrink together.
Sirs, let me be.
安东尼奥　忍耐，先生？那是给畜牲、
给木头疙瘩和苦力用的词。你看，阿尔贝托。
不是斯多亚的学堂，也非老阿卡德摩斯
的箴言，能叫我忍耐下来。
我的父亲被谋杀了！哦，我要想着这事，
想着我那被玷辱的爱人，直到我的灵魂
变得狂野，我的腑脏全都缩成一团。
二位，请让我独自待着。
LUCIO.
We'll leave you, but not leave you.
卢西奥　我们会离开您，但不会遗弃您。
ALBERTO.
I'll leave you, but I'll leave you with my prayers.
阿尔贝托　我会离开您，但我会留下我的祷祝。
ANTONIO.
I thank ye. Pray, pray for me; for I want
A world of prayers. My soul's athirst for vengeance.
Leave me, I pray ye, leave me.
安东尼奥　我感谢你们。为我祈祷，祈祷吧；因为我需要
一整个世界的祈祷。我的灵魂渴望着复仇。
让我独自待着，我求你们，让我独自待着。
ALBERTO.
Since you enforce us, fair prince, we are gone.
[Exeunt ALBERTO and LUCIO.]
阿尔贝托　既然您执意如此，好殿下，我们便去了。
[阿尔贝托与卢西奥下。]
ANTONIO reads.
安东尼奥展读。
“Ferte fortiter: hoc est quo deum antecedatis. Ille enim extra patientiam malorum, vos supra. Contemnite dolorem: aut solvetur, aut solvet. Contemnite fortunam: nullum telum, quo feriret animum habet.”
「坚忍地承受吧：正是在这一点上，你们超越了神明。因神明处于邪恶的侵害之外，而你们凌驾于其上。蔑视痛苦吧：它要么会自行消解，要么会消解你。蔑视命运吧：它没有任何利器可以刺击你的灵魂。」
Pish, thy mother was not lately widowed,
Thy dear affied love lately defam'd
With blemish of foul lust, when thou wrotest thus;
Thou wrapt in furs, beaking thy limbs 'fore fires;
Forbid'st the frozen zone to shudder. Ha, ha! 'tis nought
But foamy bubbling of a fleamy brain,
Nought else but smoke.
O what dank marish spirit,
But would be fired with impatience
At my—

No more, no more; he that was ne'er blest
With height of birth, fair expectation
Of mounted fortunes, knows not what it is
To be the pitied object of the world.
O, poor Antonio, thou may'st sigh!
呸，你写下这些话时，你的母亲并未新寡，
你那亲订终身的心上人也未曾
被秽恶淫邪的污名所谤毁；
你裹着皮裘，在炉火前烘暖四肢；
却禁止冰冻的寒带去颤栗。哈，哈！这不过是
浑浊头脑里泛起的泡沫而已，
不过是烟云罢了。
哦，哪一团阴湿沼泽里的幽魂，
不会因我这些——
而燃起不耐的怒火——
不要再说，不要再说了；那从未蒙福享有
高贵出身、那飞黄腾达的美好期许之人，
便不会知道沦为世人怜悯之的
是何滋味。
哦，可怜的安东尼奥，你只能叹息！
MELLIDA. [from beneath]
Ay me!
梅莉达　[自下方。] 唉，我！
ANTONIO.
And curse.
安东尼奥　你只能诅咒。
PANDULPHO. [from within]
Black powers!
潘杜尔福　[自幕后。] 黑暗的力量啊！
ANTONIO.
And cry.
安东尼奥　你只能哭喊。
MARIA. [from within]
O Heaven!
玛利娅　[自幕后。] 哦，苍天！
ANTONIO.
And close laments with—
安东尼奥　你只能以——来结束悲叹——
MELLIDA. [from beneath]
O me, most miserable!
梅莉达　[自下方。] 哦，我，苦命至绝！
PANDULPHO. [from within]
Woe for my dear, dear son!
潘杜尔福　[自幕后。] 悲哉，我至亲、至亲的儿子！
MARIA. [from within]
Woe for my dear, dear husband!
玛利娅　[自幕后。] 悲哉，我至亲、至亲的夫君！
MELLIDA. [from beneath]
Woe for my dear, dear love!

梅莉达　[自下方。] 悲哉，我至亲、至亲的爱人！
ANTONIO.
Woe for me all, close all your woes in me!
In me, Antonio!—ha! where live these sounds?
I can see nothing; grief's invisible,
And lurks in secret angles of the heart.
Come, sigh again, Antonio bears his part.
安东尼奥　悲哉，为了我的一切，将你们所有悲苦都纳入我一身吧！
纳入我，安东尼奥——哈！这些声音发自何处？
我什么也看不见；悲恸是无形的，
蛰伏在心底隐秘的角落里。
来吧，再叹息一声，安东尼奥会与你同声相应。
MELLIDA.
O here, here is a vent to pass my sighs.
I have surcharged the dungeon with my plaints.
Prison and heart will burst, if void of vent.
Ay, that is Phoebe, empress of the night,
That 'gins to mount; O chastest deity,
If I be false to my Antonio,
If the least soil of lust smears my pure love,
Make me more wretched, make me more accurs'd
Than infamy, torture, death, hell, and heaven,
Can bound with amplest power of thought: if not,
Purge my poor heart from defamation's blot.
梅莉达　哦，这里，这里有一条我悲叹可通的出口。
我早已用我的哀号充塞了这地牢。
若无处可泄，牢狱与心都将迸裂。
啊，那是菲碧，黑夜的女皇，
正开始攀升；哦，最贞洁的神明啊，
倘若我对我的安东尼奥有丝毫虚情假意，
倘若有一丝淫欲的污迹涂抹了我纯洁的爱，
就让我比耻辱、酷刑、死亡、地狱和天堂
以思虑的最浩大之力所能框定的，
都更加悲惨，更加受诅咒：若并非如此，
就请从我可怜的心头拂去那诽谤的污痕罢。
ANTONIO.
Purge my poor heart from defamation's blot!
Poor heart, how like her virtuous self she speaks.—
Mellida, dear Mellida! it is Antonio:
Slink not away, 'tis thy Antonio.
安东尼奥　从我可怜的心头拂去那诽谤的污痕！
可怜的心，她这话说得何其与她贞洁的为人相似。——
梅莉达，亲爱的梅莉达！是我，安东尼奥：
别溜走，是你的安东尼奥。
MELLIDA.
How found you out, my lord? Alas! I know
'Tis easy in this age to find out woe.
I have a suit to you.

梅莉达　我的夫君，您怎么寻来的？唉！我知道，
在这个年头，要寻到悲哀很容易。
我对您有个请求。
ANTONIO.
What is't, dear soul?
安东尼奥　是什么，亲爱的命根？
MELLIDA.
Kill me; i'faith I'll wink, not stir a jot.
For God's sake kill me; in sooth, loved youth,
I am much injur'd; look, see how I creep.
I cannot wreak my wrong, but sigh and weep.
梅莉达　杀了我；真的，我会闭上眼，一动不动。
看在上帝份上，杀了我；说真的，亲爱的青年，
我受了极大的冤屈；看，看我是怎么爬的。
我无法雪我的冤，只能叹息与哭泣。
ANTONIO.
May I be curs'd, but I credit thee.
安东尼奥　我若不信任你，便让我受诅咒。
MELLIDA.
To-morrow I must die.
梅莉达　明天我就得死了。
ANTONIO.
Alas, for what?
安东尼奥　天啊，为了什么？
MELLIDA.
For loving thee. 'Tis true, my sweetest breast,
I must die falsely: so must thou, dear heart.
Nets are a-knitting to entrap thy life.
Thy father's death must make a paradise
To my (I shame to call him) father. Tell me, sweet,
Shall I die thine? dost love me still, and still?
梅莉达　就为了爱你。是真的，我最甜美的心窝，
我得含冤负屈而死：你也一样，亲爱的命根。
网罗正在编织，要陷捕你的性命。
你父亲的死必须成为
我那（我耻于称他）父亲的天堂。告诉我，亲爱的，
我该不该以你之人的身份赴死？你是否还爱我，始终如一？
ANTONIO.
I do.
安东尼奥　是。
MELLIDA.
Then welcome heaven's will.
梅莉达　那就坦然迎接上天的旨意罢。
ANTONIO.
Madam, I will not swell, like a tragedian,
In forced passion of affected strains.
If I had present power of ought but pitying you,
I would be as ready to redress your wrongs
As to pursue your love. Throngs of thoughts

Crowd for their passage; somewhat I will do.
Reach me thy hand; think this is honour's bent,
To live unslav'd, to die innocent.
安东尼奥　夫人，我不会像一个悲剧演员那样，
用做作的腔调充塞着勉强的激情。
若我此刻除了悲悯你之外，尚有任何力量，
我便既会奋力追索你的爱情，
也同样会奋力去匡正你的冤屈。千思万绪
纷涌着要夺路而出；我总要做些什么。
把你的手伸给我；记住，这便是荣誉的鸽的：
活着不受奴役，死去清白无辜。
MELLIDA.
Let me entreat a favour, gracious love.
Be patient, see me die; good, do not weep:
Go sup, sweet chuck, drink, and securely sleep.
梅莉达　让我恳求一个恩典，亲爱的爱人。
要忍耐，看着我去死；好了，莫哭：
去吃晚饭，亲爱的宝贝，去喝酒，安然地睡。
ANTONIO.
I'faith I cannot; but I'll force my face
To palliate my sickness.
安东尼奥　说真的，我做不到；但我会强令我的脸
遮掩住我的苦病。
MELLIDA.
Give me thy hand.
Peace on thy bosom dwell:
That's all my woe can breathe. Kiss: thus, farewell.
梅莉达　把你的手给我。
愿安宁驻于你的胸膛：
这是我全部的悲哀所能吐出的。吻：就这样，别了。
ANTONIO.
Farewell: my heart is great of thoughts; stay, dove:
And therefore I must speak: but what? O love!
By this white hand: no more: read in these tears,
What crushing anguish thy Antonio bears.
[ANTONIO kisseth MELLIDA'S hand: then MELLIDA goes from the grate.]
安东尼奥　别了：我的心满载着思绪；留步，鸽子：
所以我还得说些什么：可是说什么？哦，我亲爱的！
凭你这素白的手：不说了：在这泪水中读吧，
你安东尼奥承受着何等碾碎肝胆的苦痛。
[安东尼奥吻梅莉达之手；梅莉达自栅栏后离去。]
MELLIDA.
Good night, good heart.
梅莉达　晚安，好心肝。
ANTONIO.
Thus heat from blood, thus souls from bodies part.
安东尼奥　温热便是这样离了血液，魂灵便是这样离了躯壳。
Enter PIERO and STROTZO.
皮埃罗与斯特罗佐上。
PIERO.

He grieves; laugh, Strotzo, laugh. He weeps.
Hath he tears? O pleasure! hath he tears?
Now do I scourge Andrugio with steel whips
Of knotty vengeance. Strotzo, cause me straight
Some plaining ditty to augment despair.
[Exit STROTZO.]
Triumph, Piero: hark, he groans. O rare!
皮埃罗　他在悲痛；笑啊，斯特罗佐，笑啊。他在流泪。
他竟有泪？哦，乐事！他竟有泪？
此刻我正用疙疙瘩瘩的复仇钢鞭
鞭笞着安德鲁吉奥。斯特罗佐，即刻去给我
弄一首哀怨的小曲，好加深他的绝望。
[斯特罗佐下。]
凯旋吧，皮埃罗：听，他在呻吟。哦，妙极！
ANTONIO.
Behold a prostrate wretch laid on his tomb.
His epitaph, thus: Ne plus ultra. Ho!
Let none out-woe me: mine's Herculean woe.
[A song within.—Exit PIERO at the end of the song.]
安东尼奥　瞧这匍匐在自己墓上的可怜虫。
他的墓志铭，如此写就：Ne plus ultra。呵！
谁也别想悲过我：我的悲是赫拉克勒斯式的悲。
[幕后歌声起。——曲终时皮埃罗下。]
Enter MARIA.
玛利娅上。
ANTONIO.
May I be more cursèd than Heaven can make me,
If I'm not more wretched than man can conceive me.
Sore forlorn orphant, what omnipotence
Can make thee happy?
安东尼奥　若我没有比任何人类所能想象的更悲惨，
就让我比苍天能施加的更受诅咒。
愁苦不堪的孤儿啊，怎样的全能
才能叫你幸福？
MARIA.
How now, sweet son?
Good youth, what dost thou?
玛利娅　怎么啦，爱儿？
好孩子，你在做什么？
ANTONIO.
Weep, weep.
安东尼奥　哭，哭。
MARIA.
Dost nought but weep, weep?
玛利娅　什么也不做，就是哭，哭？
ANTONIO.
Yes, mother, I do sigh, and wring my hands,
Beat my poor breast, and wreathe my tender arms.
Hark ye; I'll tell you wondrous strange, strange news.

安东尼奥　是的，母亲，我还叹气，绞我的手，
捶我可怜的胸膛，绞我柔弱的胳膊。
听好了；我要告诉您极其、极其奇怪的消息。
MARIA.
What, my good boy, stark mad?
玛利娅　什么，我的好孩子，彻底疯了吗？
ANTONIO.
I am not.
安东尼奥　我没有。
MARIA.
Alas! Is that strange news?
玛利娅　天啊！难道那竟是奇怪的消息？
ANTONIO.
Strange news? why, mother, is't not wondrous strange
I am not mad—I run not frantic, ha?
Knowing, my father's trunk scarce cold, your love
Is sought by him that doth pursue my life!
Seeing the beauty of creation,
Antonio's bride, pure heart, defam'd, and stow'd
Under the hatches of obscuring earth!
Heu, quo labor, quo vota ceciderunt mea!
安东尼奥　奇怪的消息？怎么，母亲，难道我不曾疯——
我不曾发狂，哈，这还不极其奇怪？
明知我父亲尸骨未寒，那正要取我性命之人
竟在向您求爱！
眼看着造物之美的极品，
安东尼奥的新娘，那颗纯洁的心，被谤毁，被塞进
晦暗地土的舱板之下！
唉，我那些辛劳，那些祈愿，都落到何处去了！
Enter PIERO.
皮埃罗上。
PIERO.
Good evening to the fair Antonio;
Most happy fortune, sweet succeeding time,
Rich hope: think not thy fate a bankrupt, though—
皮埃罗　晚安，俊美的安东尼奥；
多好的运道，甜美可期的时运，
丰富的希望：莫以为你的命运破了产，纵然——
ANTONIO. [Aside.]
Umh! the devil in his good time and tide forsake thee.
安东尼奥　[旁白。] 嗯！愿魔鬼在他方便的时候和节令抛弃你。
PIERO.
How now? hark ye, prince.
皮埃罗　怎么啦？听我说，殿下。
ANTONIO.
God be with you.
安东尼奥　愿上帝与你同在。
PIERO.
Nay, noble blood, I hope ye not suspect—

皮埃罗　嗐，高贵的血脉，我希望您没有怀疑——
ANTONIO.
Suspect! I scorn't. Here's cap and leg, good night.
[Aside.] Thou that wants power, with dissemblance fight.
[Exit ANTONIO.]
安东尼奥　怀疑！我不屑于此。这厢脱帽行礼了，晚安。
[旁白。] 你既缺乏力量，便用假面去作战吧。
[安东尼奥下。]
PIERO.
Madam, O that you could remember to forget—
皮埃罗　夫人，哦，但愿您能记着去忘记——
MARIA.
I had a husband and a happy son.
玛利娅　我曾有过一个丈夫和一个幸福的儿子。
PIERO.
Most powerful beauty, that enchanting grace—
皮埃罗　至为强大的美貌，那令人销魂的优雅——
MARIA. Talk not of beauty, nor enchanting grace,
My husband's dead, my son's distraught, accurs'd!
Come, I must vent my griefs, or heart will burst.
[Exit MARIA.]
玛利娅　莫谈美貌，也莫谈令人销魂的优雅，
我的丈夫已死，我的儿子心神狂乱，被诅咒了！
来吧，我必须倾泄我的悲恸，否则心将迸裂。
[玛利娅下。]
PIERO.
She's gone, and yet she's here: she hath left a print
Of her sweet graces fix'd within my heart,
As fresh as is her face. I'll marry her.
She's most fair,—true; most chaste,—false;
Because most fair, 'tis firm I'll marry her.
皮埃罗　她走了，却又还在这里：她已将她的
甜美韵致的印迹，牢牢刻在我心中，
如她的面容一般鲜灵。我要娶她。
她极美，——不错；她极贞洁，——谎言；
正因她极美，我定要娶她。
Enter STROTZO.
斯特罗佐上。
STROTZO.
My lord.
斯特罗佐　主公。
PIERO.
Ha, Strotzo, my other soul, my life!
Dear, hast thou steel'd the point of thy resolve?
Will't not turn edge in execution?
皮埃罗　哈，斯特罗佐，我的另一个灵魂，我的生命！
亲爱的，你那决心的尖端可曾淬过火？
行刑之际，它会不会卷了刃？
STROTZO.

No.
斯特罗佐　不会。
PIERO.
Do it with rare passion, and present thy guilt
As if 'twere wrung out with thy conscience' gripe.
Swear that my daughter's innocent of lust,
And that Antonio brib'd thee to defame
Her maiden honour, on inveterate hate
Unto my blood; and that thy hand was feed
By his large bounty for his father's death.
Swear plainly that thou choked'st Andrugio,
By his son's only egging. Rush me in
Whilst Mellida prepares herself to die,
Halter about thy neck, and with such sighs,
Laments, and applications life in,
As if impulsive power of remorse—
皮埃罗　要干得激情四溢，把你的罪疚
演绎得仿佛是被你那良心的绞痛给硬挤出来的。
发誓说我女儿在淫邪上是清白的，
并说安东尼奥出于对我血统的
积怨宿仇，贿买你去谤毁
她那处女的清誉；且说你的手是
受了他的大笔酬金去弑他父亲的。
断然发誓，说你是听了安德鲁吉奥儿子的
教唆才将他扼死的。趁梅莉达
准备受死之际，冲到我面前来，
颈上套着绞索，要有那等叹息、
哀号和仿佛恳求活下去的声情，
仿佛那悔恨的冲击之力——
STROTZO.
I'll weep.
斯特罗佐　我会哭的。
PIERO.
Ay, ay, fall on thy face and cry “why suffer you
So lewd a slave as Strotzo is to breathe?”
皮埃罗　对，对，匍匐在地，大喊：「你们怎能容忍
像斯特罗佐这等邪恶的奴才呼吸？」
STROTZO.
I'll beg a strangling, grow importunate—
斯特罗佐　我会乞求被绞死，变得急切纠缠——
PIERO.
As if thy life were loathsome to thee: then
I catch straight the cord's end; and, as much incens'd
With thy damn'd mischiefs, offer a rude hand
As ready to gird in thy pipe of breath;
But on the sudden straight I'll stand amaz'd,
And fall in exclamations of thy virtues.
皮埃罗　仿佛你的生命令自己厌恶：随即我
立刻抓住绳头；伴装对你的种种

邪恶勾当怒不可遏，伸出一只粗蛮的手，
仿佛要即时勒断你那呼吸的管道；
可突然间我又怔住，
进而高声颂扬起你的美德来。
STROTZO.
Applaud my agonies and penitence.
斯特罗佐　为我的痛悔与苦难喝彩。
PIERO.
Thy honest stomach, that could not digest
The crudities of murder, but surcharged,
Vomited'st them up in Christian piety.
皮埃罗　你那副忠直的胃囊，消化不了
谋杀的生腥之物，反倒超载了，
便用基督徒的虔诚将它们统统呕吐出来。
STROTZO.
Then clip me in your arms.
斯特罗佐　那时您就把我搂进怀中。
PIERO.
And call thee brother, mount thee straight to state,
Make thee of council: tut, tut, what not? what not?
Think on't, be confident, pursue the plot.
皮埃罗　管你叫兄弟，让你平步青云，权势加身，
让你进枢密院：啧，啧，还有什么不行？有什么不行？
想想那情景吧，放胆信我，去推进这番谋划。
STROTZO.
Look, here's a trope: a true rogue's lips are mute,
I do not use to speak, but execute.
[He lays finger on his mouth, and draws his dagger. —Exit.]
斯特罗佐　瞧，这便是个辞格：真恶棍的嘴唇是沉默的，
我素不惯于空谈，只惯于执行。
[他以指掩唇，拔剑。——下。]
PIERO.
So, so; run headlong to confusion:
Thou slight-brain'd mischief, thou art made as dirt,
To plaster up the bracks of my defects.
I'll wring what may be squeezed from out his use,
And good night, Strotzo. Swell plump, bold heart;
For now thy tide of vengeance rolleth in:
O now Tragoedia Cothurnata mounts,
Piero's thoughts are fix'd on dire exploits.
Pell mell—confusion and black murder guides
The organs of my spirit: shrink not, heart!
[Exit.]
皮埃罗　好，好；一头栽进毁灭去吧：
你这个脑子浅薄的祸害坯子，你不过是被当作烂泥，
用来填塞我这残垣上的裂缝。
等榨干了他的用处，就再会了，斯特罗佐。
鼓胀饱满起来吧，大胆的心；
此刻你那复仇的潮汐正滚滚涌入：

哦，此刻厚底靴悲剧高踞其上，
皮埃罗的心思全贯注在可怖的功业上了。
乱作一团吧——混乱与黑色谋杀
引领我灵魂的器官：莫要畏缩，我的心！
[下。]

ACT III, SCENE I
第三幕，第一场
A dumb show. The cornets sounding for the Act.
哑剧。短号奏本幕开场乐。
Enter CASTILIO and FOROBOSCO, ALBERTO and BALURDO, with poleaxes; PIERO, talking with STROTZO, seemeth to send him out: exit STROTZO. Re-enter STROTZO with MARIA, NUTRICHE, and LUCIO. PIERO passeth through his guard, and talks with MARIA with seeming amorousness; she seemeth to reject his suit, flies to the tomb, kneels, and kisseth
it. PIERO bribes NUTRICHE and LUCIO; they go to her, seeming to solicit his suit. She riseth, offers to go out; PIERO stayeth her, tears open his breast, embraceth and kisseth her; and so they go all out in state.
卡斯蒂利奥与福罗博斯科、阿尔贝托与巴鲁尔多持戟上；皮埃罗与斯特罗佐交谈，示意其退下：斯特罗佐下。斯特罗佐偕玛利娅、乳媪与卢西奥重上。皮埃罗穿过侍卫，与玛利娅交谈，貌似含情求爱；玛利娅似拒其求，奔向墓台，跪而亲吻之。皮埃罗贿买乳媪与卢西奥；二人走向玛利娅，似代其游说。玛利娅起身，欲离去；皮埃罗挽留之，撕开衣襟袒露胸膛，拥抱并亲吻她；随后众人以盛仪同下。
After the dumb show enter two Pages, the one with tapers, the other holding a chafing-dish with a perfume in it; ANTONIO, in his night-gown and a night-cap, unbraced, following after.
哑剧毕，二侍童上，一持蜡烛，一持香炉；安东尼奥随后，身着寝袍，头戴睡帽，衣襟敞开。
ANTONIO.
The black jades of swart night trot foggy rings
'Bout heaven's brow: [clock strikes twelve] 'tis now stark dead night.
Is this Saint Mark's Church?
安东尼奥　黝黑夜色的黑马驹啊，踏着雾沉沉的蹄环
奔走于昊天额际：[钟鸣十二下] 此刻已是彻底死寂的深夜。
这可是圣马可教堂？
FIRST PAGE.
It is, my lord.
侍童甲　正是，殿下。
ANTONIO.
Where stands my father's hearse?
安东尼奥　我父亲的柩台何在？
SECOND PAGE.
Those streamers bear his arms. Ay, that is it.
侍童乙　那些长旒上绘着他的徽章。对，正是那里。
ANTONIO. Set tapers to the tomb, and lamp the church:
Give me the fire.—Now depart and sleep.
[Exeunt Pages.]
I purify the air with odorous fume.
Graves, vaults, and tombs, groan not to bear my weight;
Cold flesh, bleak trunks, wrapt in your half-rot shrouds,

I press you softly with a tender foot.
Most honour'd sepulchre, vouchsafe a wretch
Leave to weep o'er thee. Tomb, I'll not be long
Ere I creep in thee, and with bloodless lips
Kiss my cold father's cheek.
I prithee, grave,
Provide soft mould to wrap my carcass in.
Thou royal spirit of Andrugio,
Where'er thou hover'st, airy intellect,
I heave up tapers to thee (view thy son)
In celebration of due obsequies;
Once every night I'll dew thy funeral hearse
With my religious tears.
O, blessèd father of a cursed son,
Thou died'st most happy, since thou lived'st not
To see thy son most wretched, and thy wife
Pursued by him that seeks my guiltless blood!
O, in what orb thy mighty spirit soars,
Stoop and beat down this rising fog of shame,
That strives to blur thy blood, and girt defame
About my innocent and spotless brows.
Non est mori miserum, sed misere mori.
安东尼奥　往墓上安放蜡烛，照亮整座教堂：
把火给我。——你们退下，去睡吧。
[侍童下。]
我以芬芳的香烟净化这空气。
坟墓、穹窿和墓穴，莫要因承载我的重量而呻吟；
冰冷的尸肉、苍白的躯干，裹在你们那半腐的寿衣中，
我用轻柔的脚步轻轻地踏过你们。
至高荣的墓寝啊，请允准一个可怜虫
在您之上垂泪。坟墓啊，用不了许久
我便将爬入您的怀中，用无血的嘴唇
亲吻我冰冷的父亲的面颊。
坟墓啊，我恳求您，
备好柔软的壤土来裹我的遗骸。
你，安德鲁吉奥的英灵，
无论你飘游何处，空中的灵识啊，
我向你举起蜡烛（看你的儿子）
以行合宜的祭奠之礼；
每一夜，我都将以虔诚的泪
濡湿你的柩台。
哦，一个受诅咒之子的蒙福之父啊，
你死得极其幸福，因你未曾活着目睹
你的儿子沦落至这至为悲惨的境地，你的妻子
遭那正追索我无辜之血的人所觊觎！
哦，你伟大的灵魂飞升在哪一层天轮之上，
请俯冲而下，击散这升腾的耻辱之雾吧，
它竭力玷污你的血脉，将毁谤的腰带
紧箍在我清白无瑕的额上。
Non est mori miserum, sed misere mori。

[Ghost of ANDRUGIO rises.]
[安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂升起。]
GHOST OF ANDRUGIO.
Thy pangs of anguish rip my cerecloth up,
And, lo, the ghost of old Andrugio
Forsakes his coffin. Antonio, revenge!
I was empoison'd by Piero's hand.
Revenge my blood! take spirit, gentle boy;
Revenge my blood! Thy Mellida is chaste:
Only to frustrate thy pursuit in love,
Is blaz'd unchaste. Thy mother yields consent
To be his wife, and give his blood a son,
That made her husbandless, and doth complot
To make her sonless; but before I touch
The banks of rest, my ghost shall visit her.
Thou vigour of my youth, juice of my love,
Seize on revenge, grasp the stern-bended front
Of frowning vengeance with unpaiz'd clutch.
Alarum Nemesis, rouse up thy blood!
Invent some stratagem of vengeance,
Which, but to think on, may like lightning glide
With horror through thy breast! Remember this:
Scelera non ulcisceris, nisi vincis.
[Exit ANDRUGIO'S ghost.]
安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂　你剧痛的折磨撕开了我的裹尸布，
看哪，老安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂
离弃了他的棺椁。安东尼奥，复仇！
我是被皮埃罗之手毒死的。
为我这血复仇！鼓起勇气，好孩子；
为我这血复仇！你的梅莉达是贞洁的：
只是为了阻挠你恋爱的追逐，
才被宣扬为不贞。你的母亲已点头
愿做他的妻，给那令她丧夫、
正密谋着再叫她失子之人，
为他那血脉生个儿子；但在我触及
那安息的岸边之前，我的鬼魂会去拜访她。
你，我青春的活力，我爱情的琼浆，
抓住复仇吧，用那毫不动摇的掌扼
攥住那颦蹙怒目的复仇之森然皱起的额角。
向涅墨西斯发出警号，唤醒你周身的血！
想出某个复仇的奇计，
这计策，哪怕仅是想起，也快如闪电
挟着恐怖滑过你的胸膛！记住这话：
Scelera non ulcisceris, nisi vincis。
[安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂下。]
Enter MARIA, her hair about her ears; NUTRICHE and LUCIO, with Pages, and torches.
玛利娅上，披头散发；乳媪与卢西奥，及侍童持火炬随上。
MARIA.
Where left you him? show me, good boys, away!

玛利娅　你们在哪儿撇下他的？告诉我，好孩子们，快走！
NUTRICHE.
God's me, your hair!
乳媪　天哪，您的头发！
MARIA.
Nurse, 'tis not yet proud day:
The neat gay mists of the light's not up,
Her cheek's not yet slur'd over with the paint
Of borrow'd crimson; the unpranked world
Wears yet the night-clothes. Let flare my loosèd hair!
I scorn the presence of the night. Where's my boy?—
Run: I'll range about the church,
Like frantic Bacchanal or Jason's wife,
Invoking all the spirits of the graves
To tell me where.—Ha? O my poor wretched blood!
What dost thou up at midnight, my kind boy?
Dear soul, to bed! O thou hast struck a fright
Unto thy mother's panting—
玛利娅　奶娘，天还没大亮呢：
那明光中齐整洁净的雾气还没升起，
明光的面颊也还未被借来的胭红
的脂粉所涂污；这未加妆饰的世界
尚穿着一身寝衣。就让我散开的长发飘着吧！
我藐视黑夜的临在。我的孩子在哪儿？——
跑起来：我要像发狂的巴克斯女徒或伊阿宋之妻
那样在教堂里四处搜寻，
唤起墓穴中所有的鬼魂
来告知我他在何处。——哈？哦我可怜不幸的亲骨肉！
你深更半夜在这里做什么，我的好孩子？
亲爱的命根，上床去吧！哦，你令你母亲
喘跳的心大大一惊——
ANTONIO.
O quisquis nova
Supplicia functis dirus umbrarum arbiter
Disponis, quisquis exeso jaces
Pavidus sub antro, quisquis venturi times
Montis ruinam, quisquis avidorum feros
Rictus leonum, et dira furiarum agmina
Implicitus horres, Antonii vocem excipe
Properantis ad vos—Ulciscar!
安东尼奥　哦，你们阴间的可怖判官，无论你是哪一位，
为逝者分发新的刑惩，
你们无论谁悚然蹲伏在虫蛀的洞穴之下，
你们无论谁惧怕那未来之山的崩溃，
你们无论谁被贪食的狮子的暴烈大口
和复仇女神的凶恶队伍纠缠而战栗，
请接听安东尼奥向你们疾驰而来的呼声——
我必复仇！
MARIA.

Alas! my son's distraught.
Sweet boy, appease thy mutining affections.
玛利娅　唉！我儿神志失常了。
好孩子，平息你那叛乱的激情吧。
ANTONIO.
By the astonishing terror of swart night,
By the infectious damps of clammy graves,
And by the mould that presseth down
My dead father's skull, I'll be revenged!
安东尼奥　凭黝黑夜色那可畏的恐怖，
凭黏湿坟墓的传染性瘴气，
再凭那压着我亡父头颅的
泥土起誓，我必复仇！
MARIA.
Wherefore? on whom? for what? Go, go to bed,
Good, duteous son. Ho, but thy idle—
玛利娅　为何复仇？向谁复仇？因什么复仇？去，上床去吧，
好的，恭顺的儿子。呵，可你虚妄的——
ANTONIO.
So I may sleep tomb'd in an honour'd hearse,
So may my bones rest in that sepulchre—
安东尼奥　但求我能长眠在尊荣的柩架中，
但求我的骸骨能在那个墓穴里安息——
MARIA.
Forget not duty, son: to bed, to bed.
玛利娅　别忘了为子之责，儿子：上床去，上床去。
ANTONIO.
May I be cursèd by my father's ghost,
And blasted with incensèd breath of Heaven,
If my heart beat on ought but vengeance!
May I be numb'd with horror, and my veins
Pucker with singeing torture, if my brain
Digest a thought but of dire vengeance;
May I be fetter'd slave to coward Chance,
If blood, heart, brain, plot ought save vengeance.
安东尼奥　纵让我受我父亲鬼魂的诅咒，
被苍天焚怒的气息所摧灭，
倘若我的心为复仇以外的任何事跳搏！
我就被恐怖麻痹，我的血管
因灼烧的折磨而蜷曲，
倘若我的头脑消化复仇以外的任何思虑；
我就沦为懦夫命运足上的镣铐奴隶，
倘若我的血、我的心、我的脑，策划复仇以外的任何事物。
MARIA.
Wilt thou to bed? I wonder when thou slept'st!
I'faith thou look'st sunk-ey'd; go couch thy head:
Now, faith, 'tis idle: sweet, sweet son, to bed.
玛利娅　你要不要上床去？我奇怪你什么时候睡过！
当真你看着眼窝深陷；去把头歇下吧：
来，当真，这是瞎胡闹：好，好儿子，上床去。

ANTONIO.
I have a prayer or two to offer up
For the good, good prince, my most dear, dear lord,
The duke Piero, and your virtuous self;
And then, when those prayers have obtain'd success,
In sooth I'll come (believe it now) and couch
My head in downy mould. But first I'll see
You safely laid: I'll bring ye all to bed.
Piero, Maria, Strotzo, Lucio,
I'll see you all laid: I'll bring you all to bed,
And then, i'faith, I'll come and couch my head,
And sleep in peace.
安东尼奥　我还有一两句祷告，要为
那好，好的殿下，我至亲、至亲的主公，
皮埃罗公爵和您贞洁的本人献上；
然后，待这些祷告取得成功，
说真格的我就会来（这会就信了吧）把我这头
搁进那绒软的泥土中。不过我先得看着
您们都安然安置妥了：我会把您们都送上床。
皮埃罗，玛利娅，斯特罗佐，卢西奥，
我会看着你们全都躺好：我会把你们都送上床，
然后，说真格的，我就会来把我这头搁下，
安然地睡。
MARIA.
Look then, we go before.
[Exeunt all but ANTONIO.]
玛利娅　瞧着吧，那我们便先走一步。
[除安东尼奥外，余人皆下。]
ANTONIO.
Ay, so you must, before we touch the shore
Of wish'd revenge. O, you departed souls,
That lodge in coffin'd trunks, which my feet press,
(If Pythagorean Axioms be true,
Of spirits' transmigration) fleet no more
To human bodies, rather live in swine,
Inhabit wolves' flesh, scorpions, dogs, and toads,
Rather than man. The curse of Heaven rains
In plagues unlimited through all his days:
His mature age grows only mature vice,
And ripens only to corrupt and rot
The budding hopes of infant modesty.
Still striving to be more than man, he proves
More than a devil. Devilish suspect,
Devilish cruelty,
All hell-strain'd juice is poured to his veins,
Making him drunk with fuming surquedries;
Contempt of Heaven, untam'd arrogance,
Lust, state, pride, murder.

安东尼奥　是，你们是该先走，我们好碰触到
渴念的复仇那岸边。哦，你们这逝去的灵魂，
栖居在我足所踩踏的棺封躯壳中的，
（倘若毕达哥拉斯那灵魂转生之说
是真确的话）再也莫要流转
到人的身体中，宁可活在猪猡身上，
住在狼、蝎子、狗和蟾蜍的肉里，
也远胜于人。苍天的诅咒化作
漫无边际的瘟疫，将他终生的时日浇淋：
他盛年的年岁只结出成熟的邪罪，
愈长愈只为败坏和腐烂
那稚嫩的端方之含苞的期许。
他总在努力超越人，到头来却成了
超乎魔鬼之上的东西。魔鬼般的猜疑，
魔鬼般的残酷，
所有地狱里挤出的汁液都注入了他的血管，
使他醉醺醺地浸在那些蒸腾的骄妄之中；
对苍天的蔑视，未经驯服的狂妄，
淫欲、威福、倨傲、谋杀。
GHOST OF ANDRUGIO.
Murder!
安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂　谋杀！
GHOST OF FELICHE.
Murder!
费利切的鬼魂　谋杀！
PANDULPHO. [From above and beneath.]
Murder!
潘杜尔福　[自上方与下方。] 谋杀！
ANTONIO.
Ay, I will murder: graves and ghosts
Fright me no more, I'll suck red vengeance
Out of Piero's wounds, Piero's wounds!
[Retires to the back of the stage.]
安东尼奥　是的，我要谋杀：坟墓和鬼魂
再也吓不着我了，我要从皮埃罗的伤口里，
从皮埃罗的伤口里，吮出殷红的复仇！
[退至舞台后方。]
Enter two boys, with PIERO in his night-gown and night-cap.
二侍童引皮埃罗上；皮埃罗身著寝袍，头戴睡帽。
PIERO.
Maria, love, Maria! she took this aisle.
Left you her here? On, lights, away!
I think we shall not warm our beds to-day.
皮埃罗　玛利娅，爱人，玛利娅！她走的是这条侧廊。
你们把她留在这里了？来，掌灯，快走！
我想我们今天是暖不了床了。
Enter JULIO, FOROBOSCO, and CASTILIO.
儒利奥、福罗博斯科与卡斯蒂利奥上。
JULIO.
Ho, father! father!
儒利奥　嚯，父亲！父亲！

PIERO.
How now, Julio, my little pretty son?
Why suffer you the child to walk so late?
皮埃罗　怎么啦，儒利奥，我的漂亮的小儿子？
你们怎么让孩子这么晚了还在外头走？
FOROBOSCO.
He will not sleep, but calls to follow you,
Crying that bugbears and spirits haunted him.
福罗博斯科　他不肯睡，只嚷着要跟着您，
哭叫说妖怪和鬼魂在缠他。
[ANTONIO offers to come near and stab; PIERO presently withdraws.]
[安东尼奥欲近前行刺；皮埃罗即时退去。]
ANTONIO. [Aside.]
No, not so.
This shall be sought for; I'll force him feed on life
Till he shall loath it. This shall be the close
Of vengeance' strain.
安东尼奥　[旁白。] 不，不要这样。
这须得认真求索才行；我要强他活着，
直至他厌恶活着。这将作为那复仇之曲
的终章。
PIERO.
Away there, pages, lead on fast with light;
The church is full of damps; 'tis yet dead night.
[Exeunt all, saving JULIO and ANTONIO.]
皮埃罗　走罢，那儿，侍童们，快掌灯前导；
教堂里全是有毒的气；天还死寂未亮呢。
[除儒利奥与安东尼奥外，余人皆下。]
JULIO.
Brother Antonio, are you here, i'faith?
Why do you frown? Indeed my sister said
That I should call you brother, that she did,
When you were married to her. Buss me: good truth,
I love you better than my father, 'deed.
儒利奥　安东尼奥哥哥，当真，你在这儿？
你为什么皱着眉？说真的我姐姐说过，
说等你跟她成了亲，
我该管你叫哥哥，她真说了。亲亲我：说良心话，
我爱你胜过爱我父亲，真的。
ANTONIO.
Thy father? Gracious, O bounteous Heaven!
I do adore thy justice: venit in nostras manus
Tandem vindicta, venit et tota quidem.
安东尼奥　你的父亲？仁善的，哦慷慨的苍天哪！
我祟拜你的公义：venit in nostras manus
Tandem vindicta, venit et tota quidem。
JULIO.
Truth, since my mother died, I loved you best.
Something hath anger'd you; pray you, look merrily.

儒利奥　说实话，自打我母亲过世，我最爱的就是你。
有什么事惹你生气了；求你，看起来欢喜些。
ANTONIO.
I will laugh, and dimple my thin cheek
With cap'ring joy; chuck, my heart doth leap
To grasp thy bosom.—[Aside.] Time, place, and blood,
How fit you close together! Heaven's tones
Strike not such music to immortal souls
As your accordance sweets my breast withal.
Methinks I pace upon the front of Jove,
And kick corruption with a scornful heel!
Griping this flesh, disdain mortality!
O that I knew which joint, which side, which limb,
Were father all, and had no mother in't,
That I might rip it vein by vein, and carve revenge
In bleeding races! but since 'tis mix'd together,
Have at adventure, pell mell, no reverse.—
Come hither, boy. This is Andrugio's hearse.
安东尼奥　我会笑的，还会用那踊舞的欢欣
在我薄薄的面颊上笑出酒窝来；宝贝，我的心跳得欢，
要抓住你的胸膛。——[旁白。] 时间、地点和血亲，
你们配合得多紧凑！天界的音调
为不朽的灵魂奏不出这般乐章，
像你们的契合这般甜美着我的胸膛。
我觉得自己仿佛在约夫的额头踱步，
用一个轻蔑的脚跟踢着朽腐！
攥紧这肉身，轻蔑那终有一死的命运！
哦我但愿知道哪一处关节、哪一边、哪一股肢体，
全部是父系的，其中绝无母系的血脉，
那样我就能它一根静脉一根静脉地撕开，在血淋淋的
沟壑中雕出复仇！可既然这血脉是混杂在一起的，
那就赌一把吧，豁出去了，有进无退。——
过来，孩子。这是安德鲁吉奥的柩台。
JULIO.
O God, you'll hurt me. For my sister's sake,
Pray you do not hurt me. And you kill me, 'deed,
I'll tell my father.
儒利奥　哦，上帝，你会伤着我的。看在我姐姐份上，
求你不要伤我。你要是杀了我，真的，
我告诉我父亲去。
GHOST OF ANDRUGIO.
Revenge!
安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂　复仇！
ANTONIO.
Stay, stay, dear father, fright mine eyes no more.
Revenge as swift as lightning bursteth forth,
And cleaves his heart.—Come, pretty tender child,
It is not thee I hate, not thee I kill.
Thy father's blood that flows within thy veins,

Is it I loathe; is that revenge must suck.
I love thy soul: and were thy heart lapp'd up
In any flesh but in Piero's blood,
I would thus kiss it; but being his, thus, thus,
And thus I'll punch it.
Abandon fears:
Whilst thy wounds bleed, my brows shall gush out tears.
安东尼奥　等一等，亲爱的父亲，别再惊吓我的眼了。
复仇如闪电般爆裂而出，
劈开了他的心。——来吧，漂漂亮亮娇嫩嫩的孩子，
我恨的不是你，我杀的也不是你。
你所憎厌的，是你血管里流着的你父亲的血；
复仇必须吮吸的，是那个。
我爱你的灵魂：你的心脏若是裹在
皮埃罗之血以外的任何血肉里，
我会这样亲吻它；可既然它是他的，就这样，这样，
这样，我把它捅穿。
别害怕了：
你的伤口流血之际，我的眉额也将涌出泪水。
JULIO.
So you will love me, do even what you will.
儒利奥　只要你会爱我，你爱怎么办就怎么办吧。
ANTONIO.
Now barks the wolf against the full-cheek'd moon;
Now lions half-clam'd entrails roar for food;
Now croaks the toad, and night-crows screech aloud,
Flutt'ring 'bout casements of departed souls;
Now gapes the graves, and through their yawns let loose
Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth;
And now, swart night, to swell thy hour out,
Behold I spurt warm blood in thy black eyes.
[He stabs JULIO.—From under the stage a groan.]
Howl not, thou putry mould; groan not, ye graves;
Be dumb, all breath. Here stands Andrugio's son,
Worthy his father. So: I feel no breath.
His jaws are fall'n, his dislodg'd soul is fled:
And now there's nothing but Piero left:
He is all Piero, father all. This blood,
This breast, this heart, Piero all:
Whom thus I mangle.
Sprite of Julio,
Forget this was thy trunk. I live thy friend:
May'st thou be twinèd with the soft'st embrace
Of clear eternity: but thy father's blood
I thus make incense of to vengeance.
Ghost of my poison'd sire, suck this fume:
To sweet revenge perfume thy circling air
With smoke of blood. I sprinkle round his gore,

And dew thy hearse with these fresh-reeking drops.
Lo thus I heave my blood-dyed hands to heaven,
Even like insatiate hell still crying, More!
My heart hath thirsting dropsies after gore.
Sound peace and rest to church, night-ghosts, and graves:
Blood cries for blood, and murder murder craves.
[Exit.]
安东尼奥　此刻狼朝着满盈的月亮吠叫；
此刻狮子为半饥的肚肠咆哮觅食；
此刻蟾蜍聒噪，夜鸦高声尖叫，
绕着逝者的窗扉扑飞；
此刻坟墓咧开了嘴，从豁口间放出
囚禁的魂灵，让他们重访人世；
而此刻，黝黑的夜，为撑满你这时辰，
看哪，我把温热的血喷射进你黑色的眼。
[他刺儒利奥。——舞台下发出一声呻吟。]
不要哀嚎，你这腐败的泥土；不要呻吟，你们这些墓穴；
全都屏住呼吸，噤声。这里站着安德鲁吉奥的儿子，
不辱其父。好了：我觉得没有呼吸了。
他的牙关松了，他那被迫离脱的魂魄已飞走：
如今什么也没剩下，只剩下皮埃罗了：
他浑身都是皮埃罗，彻彻底底是他的父亲。这血、
这胸膛、这心脏，全都属于皮埃罗：
我便这般把他剁烂。
儒利奥的精灵啊，
忘却这曾是你的躯壳。我生为你之友：
愿你被澄澈的永恒之最温柔的怀抱
所缠绕：可是你父亲的血
我便这般把它化作向复仇献祭的香火。
我那被毒杀的父亲之灵，吮吸这烟气吧：
以血的烟霭为你缭绕的空气
向甘美的复仇薰香。我把他的血洒向四周，
并用这些犹冒着热气的新鲜血滴濡湿你的柩台。
看哪，我就这样把染血的手举向苍天，
仿佛那贪得无厌的地狱，仍在叫喊：还要！
我的心脏贪恋着鲜血，患了焦渴的鼓胀之病。
愿平安与安息降临于教堂、夜间的游魂和墓穴：
血呼吁血，谋杀渴望谋杀。
[下。]

ACT III, SCENE II
第三幕，第二场
Chamber of MARIA.
玛利娅的寝殿。
Enter two Pages with torches; MARIA, her hair loose, and NUTRICHE.
二侍童持火把上；玛利娅披散头发，与乳媪上。
NUTRICHE.

Fie, fie; to-morrow your wedding day, and weep!
God's my comfort! Andrugio could do well:
Piero may do better. I have had four husbands myself.
The first I called, sweet duck; the second, dear heart;
the third, pretty pug; but the fourth, most sweet,
dear, pretty, all in all; he was the very cockall
of a husband. What, lady? your skin is smooth,
your blood warm, your cheek fresh, your eye quick:
change of pasture makes fat calves;
choice of linen clean bodies, and (no question)
variety of husbands perfect wives.
I would you should know it: as few teeth as I have
in my head, I have read Aristotle's Problems,
which saith that woman receiveth perfection by the man.
What then be the men? Go to, to bed,
lie on your back, dream not on Piero;
I say no more. To-morrow is your wedding:
go, dream not of Piero.
乳媪　啧啧，啧啧；明儿个就是您的婚礼了，您倒哭！
上帝是我的慰藉！安德鲁吉奥固然不错：
皮埃罗怕会更好。我自己就嫁过四个男人。
头一个，我管他叫甜心鸭；第二个，叫亲亲肝；
第三个，叫俊宝贝；可第四个，那才叫顶顶甜、
亲亲、俊俏，通通占全了；他真正是男人里头的挑尖儿货。
怎么啦，夫人？您皮肤还滑着呢，
血还热着呢，脸蛋还鲜灵着呢，眼神还活泛着呢：
换片草场能养肥犊子；换换布料能穿出干净身段；
那（毫无疑问）换换丈夫也能造就呱呱叫的老婆。
我可想让您知道：别看我这嘴里不剩几颗牙了，
我可是读过《亚里士多德问题集》的，
上头说女人从男人那里领受完满。
那男人又成什么了呢？得了，上床去，
仰面躺好，莫要想皮埃罗；
我不多说了。明儿是您的婚礼：
去，莫要想皮埃罗。
Enter BALURDO with a base viol.
巴鲁尔多持低音维奥尔琴上。
MARIA.
What an idle prate thou keep'st, good nurse; go sleep.
I have a mighty task of tears to weep.
玛利娅　你尽在扯些什么样的闲篇，好奶娘；去睡吧。
我还有一大摊的眼泪要流呢。
BALURDO.
Lady, with a most retort and obtuse leg,
I kiss the curled locks of your loose hair.
The Duke hath sent you the most musical Sir Jeffrey,
with his not base, but most ennobled viol,
to rock your baby thoughts in the cradle of sleep.
巴鲁尔多　夫人，以一条极其回敬且愚钝的腿，
我亲吻您那散开之发的鬈曲绺缕。

公爵遣了这位顶顶有音律的杰弗里爵士，
带着他这并非卑俗、却是顶顶尊贵的维奥尔琴，
来把您的婴儿般的思绪，摇进睡眠的摇篮里去。
MARIA.
I give the noble Duke respective thanks.
玛利娅　我向尊贵的公爵致以敬谢。
BALURDO.
Respective; truly a very pretty word.
Indeed, madam, I have the most respective fiddle;
did you ever smell a more sweet sound?
My ditty must go thus; very witty, I assure you:
I myself in an humorous passion made it,
to the tune of my mistress Nutriche's beauty.
Indeed, very pretty, very retort, and obtuse,
巴鲁尔多　敬谢；真是个漂亮的好词儿。
当真，夫人，我就有这么一把顶顶敬谢的琴；
您可曾闻过比这更甜美的声音？
我的小曲须得这般唱来；非常有才气，我向您担保：
是我自己在一阵诙谐的激情中作成的，
合着我那女主人乳媪美貌的调子。
当真，非常漂亮，非常回敬，且愚钝，
My mistress' eye doth oil my joints,
And makes my fingers nimble:
O love, come on, untruss your points,
My fiddlestick wants rozen.
My lady's dugs are all so smooth,
That no flesh must them handle:
Her eyes do shine, for to say sooth,
Like a new-snuffed candle.
我爱人的眼润滑我的关节，
叫我的指头好不灵敏：
来，爱情，快松开你的系带，
我的琴弓想要松香了。
我家太太的奶子好光滑，
任哪块肉都不能去碰得：
她的眼儿亮得，说良心话，
像蜡烛新剪过。
MARIA.
Truly, very pathetical and unvulgar.
玛利娅　真心说，非常感人，而且不俗。
BALURDO.
Pathetical and unvulgar; words of worth, excellent words.
In sooth, madam, I have taken a murr,
which makes my nose run most pathetically, and unvulgarly.
Have you any tobacco?
巴鲁尔多　感人，而且不俗；好词儿，棒词儿。
说真的，夫人，我染了点风寒，
害我这鼻子感人和不俗地直淌涕。
您可有烟草？
MARIA.

Good Signior, your song.
玛利娅　好先生，您的歌。
BALURDO.
Instantly, most unvulgarly, at your service.
Truly, here's the most pathetical rozen. Umh.
[A Song.]
巴鲁尔多　即刻，顶顶不俗地，听您吩咐。
当真，这儿是顶顶感人的松香。嗯。
[歌一曲。]
MARIA.
In sooth, most knightly sung, and like Sir Jeffrey.
玛利娅　真心说，唱得极富骑士气概，正合杰弗里爵士之身。
BALURDO.
Why, look you, lady, I was made a knight
only for my voice; and a councillor only for my wit.
巴鲁尔多　哎，您瞧，夫人，我封骑士，
单凭我这嗓子；当枢密官，单凭我这脑子。
MARIA.
I believe it. Good night, gentle sir, good night.
玛利娅　我信。晚安，好先生，晚安。
BALURDO.
You will give me leave to take my leave of my mistress,
and I will do it most famously in rhyme.
Farewell, adieu! saith thy love true,
As to part loath.
Time bids us part, mine own sweet heart,
God bless us both.
[Exit BALURDO.]
巴鲁尔多　容我向我的女主人辞个行，
我要用韵文顶顶漂亮地一表。
别了，再见！你忠诚的恋人道，
好不情甘。
时光催咱分手，我自家的甜心肝，
愿上帝把咱俩保佑。
[巴鲁尔多下。]
MARIA.
Good night, Nutriche. Pages, leave the room.
The life of night grows short, 'tis almost dead.
[Exeunt Pages and NUTRICHE.]
O thou cold widow-bed, sometime thrice blest
By the warm pressure of my sleeping lord,
Open thy leaves, and whilst on thee I tread,
Groan out,—Alas, my dear Andrugio's dead!
[MARIA draweth the curtain: and the ghost of ANDRUGIO is displayed, sitting on the bed.]
Amazing terror, what portent is this!
玛利娅　晚安，乳媪。侍童们，离开房间。
夜的性命已渐短了，快死了。
[侍童与乳媪下。]
哦，你这冰冷的未亡人之榻，曾几何时

蒙我睡梦中的郎君以温存的压迫使你三倍蒙福，
张开你的帷叶罢，当我踏在你之上时，
你便呻吟着说：——唉，我亲爱的安德鲁吉奥死了！
[玛利娅拉开床帷：安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂显现，端坐于床。]
骇人的恐怖，这是什么凶兆！
GHOST OF ANDRUGIO.
Disloyal to our hymeneal rites,
What raging heat reigns in thy strumpet blood?
Hast thou so soon forgot Andrugio?
Are our love-bands so quickly cancelled?
Where lives thy plighted faith unto this breast?
O weak Maria! Go to, calm thy fears.
I pardon thee, poor soul! O shed no tears;
Thy sex is weak. That black incarnate fiend
May trip thy faith that hath o'erthrown my life:
I was empoison'd by Piero's hand.
Join with my son to bend up strain'd revenge,
Maintain a seeming favour to his suit,
Till time may form our vengeance absolute.
安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂　你对我们的合卺之礼不忠不贞，
你淫荡的血中燃着何等滚烫的灼热？
你这么快就忘了安德鲁吉奥？
我们爱的纽带就这么容易给扯断了？
你向这胸膛所誓许的信约又在何处？
哦，软弱的玛利娅！好了，莫怕。
我宽恕你，可怜的人！哦，莫流泪；
你的性别本是柔弱的。那黑色的人形魔鬼
既能颠覆我的性命，也能绊倒你的忠贞：
我是被皮埃罗之手毒死的。
与我的儿子联手，绷紧那强力的复仇罢，
在言面情态上佯装应允他的求婚，
直到时机为我们铸成彻底的复仇。
Enter ANTONIO, his arms bloody, bearing a torch, and a poniard.
安东尼奥上，双臂血污，持一火把与一短剑。
ANTONIO.
See, unamazèd I will behold thy face;
Outstare the terror of thy grim aspect,
Daring the horrid'st object of the night.
Look how I smoke in blood, reeking the steam
Of foaming vengeance. O my soul's enthroned
In the triumphant chariot of revenge!
Methinks I am all air, and feel no weight
Of human dirt clog. This is Julio's blood!
Rich music, father: this is Julio's blood!
Why lives that mother?
安东尼奥　看，我毫不畏惧地凝视你的面孔；
压倒了你那森然仪态的恐怖，
胆敢藐视这黑夜中最怕人的景象。
看，我浑身冒着血的热气，蒸腾着那
白沫翻飞的复仇气雾。哦，我的灵魂乘坐

在凯旋的复仇战车之上！
我觉得自己全然是空气，感觉不到
那人类泥土的重负。这是儒利奥的血！
美妙的音乐，父亲：这是儒利奥的血！
那个母亲为何还活着？
GHOST OF ANDRUGIO.
Pardon ignorance.
Fly, dear Antonio:
Once more assume disguise, and dog the court
In feignèd habit, till Piero's blood
May even o'erflow the brim of full revenge.
Peace and all blessèd fortunes to you both!
Fly thou from court, be peerless in revenge:
[Exit ANTONIO.]
Sleep thou in rest, lo, here I close thy couch.
[Exit MARIA to her bed, ANDRUGIO drawing the curtains.]
And now we sooty coursers of the night,
Hurry your chariot into hell's black womb.
Darkness, make flight; graves, eat your dead again:
Let's repossess our shrouds. Why lags delay?
Mount sparkling brightness, give the world his day!
[Exit ANDRUGIO.]
安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂　宽恕她的无知吧。
逃吧，亲爱的安东尼奥：
再次扮作伪装，扮成某种模样
出没于宫廷，直到皮埃罗的血
漫涨得溢出彻底的复仇之缘。
愿和平与一切天赐之福与你们二人同在！
你从宫廷逃走吧，在复仇上莫要被人比下去：
[安东尼奥下。]
你且于安歇中入睡吧，看，我为你合上衾帐。
[玛利娅入床帐，安德鲁吉奥合帷。]
而此刻，我们这些黑夜的乌黑坐骑啊，
将你们的战车疾驱入地狱黑色的子宫。
黑暗，飞走吧；坟墓啊，将你们的死者吞回：
我们重新取回我们的尸衣。为何迁延耽搁？
升起吧，闪闪的曦光，把白日还给世间！
[安德鲁吉奥下。]

ACT IV, SCENE I
第四幕，第一场
Enter ANTONIO in a fool's habit, with a little toy of a walnut shell, and soap to make bubbles: MARIA and ALBERTO.
安东尼奥身穿弄臣服上，手持胡桃壳制的小玩具与吹泡皂液；玛利娅与阿尔贝托随上。
MARIA.
Away with this disguise in any hand!
玛利娅　无论如何，除去这身伪装吧！

ALBERTO.
Fie, 'tis unsuiting to your elate spirit:
Rather put on some transhaped cavalier,
Some habit of a spitting critic, whose mouth
Voids nothing but gentile and unvulgar
Rheum of censure: rather assume—
阿尔贝托　呸，这与您昂扬的精神太不相称：
不如扮成某个乔装的骑士，
某个刻薄批评家的装束，他嘴里
吐出的尽是高雅而不俗的
挑剔痰唾：不如装成——
ANTONIO.
Why, then should I put on the very flesh
Of solid folly. No, this cock's comb is a crown
Which I affect even with unbounded zeal.
By wisdom's heart, there is no essence mortal
That I can envy, but a plump-cheek'd fool:
O, he hath a patent of immunities
Confirm'd by custom, seal'd by policy,
As large as spacious thought.
Why, by the genius of that Florentine,
Deep, deep observing, sound-brain'd Machiavel,
He is not wise that strives not to seem fool.
When will the Duke hold fee'd intelligence,
Keep wary observation in large pay,
To dog a fool's act?
安东尼奥　怎么，那我岂不正是穿上了
那纯粹愚蠢的血肉之躯。不，这顶鸡冠帽才是我
以无限的钟情所爱戴的王冠。
凭智慧的良心发誓，世间没有任何凡俗之物
能令我羡慕，唯有一个面颊饱满的傻瓜：
哦，他有一张特权状，
由习俗核准、由策略钤印，广如辽阔的思域。
唉，凭那位弗洛伦萨人的天赋——
那观察至深、头脑清醒的马基雅维利发誓，
不努力装傻的人，算不得聪明。
公爵什么时候会豢养密探，
花大钱维持着警觉的监视，
来追踪一个傻瓜的行为？
MARIA.
Ay, but feigning known disgraceth much.
玛利娅　是，但被人认出的伪装是极不光彩的。
ANTONIO.
Pish! Most things that morally adhere to souls,
Wholly exist in drunk opinion:
Whose reeling censure, if I value not,
It values nought.
安东尼奥　嗤！凡在道德上与灵魂相联的事物，
大多都完全存在于醉醺醺的舆论之中：

它那东倒西歪的判断，我若不看重它，
它便一文不值。
MARIA.
You are transported with too slight a thought,
If you but meditate of what is past,
And what you plot to pass.
玛利娅　您若只思量着已过去的事，
和您图谋要做的事，那您便是
被一种太轻飘的念头带着走了。
ANTONIO.
Even in that note a fool's beatitude:
He is not capable of passion;
Wanting the power of distinction,
He bears an unturn'd sail with every wind:
Blow east, blow west, he stirs his course alike.
I never saw a fool lean: the chub-fac'd fop
Shines sleek with full-cramm'd fat of happiness,
Whilst studious contemplation sucks the juice
From wizards' cheeks: who making curious search
For nature's secrets, the first inating cause
Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes
When they will zany men.
Had Heaven been kind,
Creating me an honest senseless dolt,
A good poor fool, I should want sense to feel
The stings of anguish shoot through every vein;
I should not know what 'twere to lose a father;
I should be dead of sense to view defame
Blur my bright love; I could not thus run mad,
As one confounded in a maze of mischief,
Stagger'd, stark, fell'd with bruising stroke of chance;
I should not shoot mine eyes into the earth,
Poring for mischief that might counterpoise
Mischief, murder and—
安东尼奥　正是在这层意义上，方显出傻瓜的至福：
他感知不了激情；
由于缺乏辨识的能力，
他扯着一面不受风向摆布的帆：
无论吹东吹西，他的航向总是一般不变。
我从未见过一个瘦的傻瓜：那圆脸的小丑
油光水滑，因塞满了幸福的肥膏而发亮，
而孜孜不倦的沉思，却从智者们的面颊上
榨取髓液：他们好作探研
寻索自然之奥秘，却被那第一推动因
嗤之以鼻，正如人类嘲笑那些
忙着模仿人类的猿猴一般。
倘若苍天仁慈，
将我造成一个老实而无知觉的蠢汉，
一个好心的可怜傻瓜，我便不会有感觉去体会

那悲痛的刺芒如何射穿每一根血管；
我便不会知道失去父亲是什么滋味；
我那感官便会是死的，看那诽谤
玷污我那耀眼的爱人；我便不会这般发疯，
像一个在灾祸的迷宫中困惑失途之人，
蹒跚摇摆、直挺挺被际遇那摧击的拳打得倒地不起；
我便不用把目光射向大地，
去探觅那足以与灾祸抗衡的灾祸，
那谋杀与——
Enter LUCIO.
卢西奥上。
How now, Lucio?
怎么啦，卢西奥？
LUCIO.
My lord, the Duke, with the Venetian states,
Approach the great hall to judge Mellida.
卢西奥　殿下，公爵偕同威尼斯众显贵，
正前往大厅去审判梅莉达。
ANTONIO.
Ask'd he for Julio yet?
安东尼奥　他已问起儒利奥了吗？
LUCIO.
No motion of him: dare you trust this habit?
卢西奥　尚未有人提起他：您这身装束靠得住吗？
ANTONIO.
Alberto, see you straight rumour me dead.
Leave me, good mother; leave me, Lucio;
Forsake me, all.
[Exeunt omnes, saving ANTONIO.]
Now patience hoop my sides
With steeled ribs, lest I do burst my breast
With struggling passions. Now disguise, stand bold:
Poor scornèd habits oft choice souls enfold.
安东尼奥　阿尔贝托，你即刻去散布我死了的传言。
离开我吧，好母亲；离开我吧，卢西奥；
全都别管我了。
[除安东尼奥外，余人皆下。]
此刻，忍耐啊，用钢箍的肋骨
圈住我的胁侧，免叫我因搏斗的激情
把胸膛炸裂。此刻，伪装，要撑住了：
卑贱受人白眼的装束，往往包裹着杰出的灵魂。
[The cornets sound a senet.]
[短号奏入场乐。]
Enter CASTILIO, FOROBOSCO, BALURDO, and ALBERTO, with pole-axes, LUCIO bare; followed by PIERO and MARIA talking together; two Senators, GALEAZZO,
MATZAGENTE, and NUTRICHE.
卡斯蒂利奥、福罗博斯科、巴鲁尔多与阿尔贝托持戟上，卢西奥免冠；皮埃罗与玛利娅交语随上；二元老、加莱亚佐、马扎真特与乳媪随上。
PIERO.

Entreat me not: there's not a beauty lives
Hath that imperial predominance
O'er my affects as your enchanting graces:
Yet give me leave to be myself—
皮埃罗　不必求我：世间任何的美色
也不能如你那迷人的风韵一般，
对我的情感有如此的凌驾之势：
然而，容我仍做我自己——
ANTONIO. [Aside.]
A villain.
安东尼奥　[旁白。] 一个恶棍。
PIERO.
Just—
皮埃罗　公正的——
ANTONIO. [Aside.]
Most just.
安东尼奥　[旁白。] 再公正不过了。
PIERO.
Most just and upright in our judgment seat.
Were Mellida mine eye, with such a blemish
Of most loath'd looseness, I would scratch it out.
Produce the strumpet in her bridal robes,
That she may blush t'appear so white in show,
And black in inward substance. Bring her in.
[Exeunt FOROBOSCO and CASTILIO.]
I hold Antonio, for his father's sake,
So very dearly, so entirely choice,
That knew I but a thought of prejudice
Imagin'd 'gainst his high ennobled blood,
I would maintain a mortal feud, undying hate,
'Gainst the conceiver's life. And shall justice sleep
In fleshly lethargy, for mine own blood's favour,
When the sweet prince hath so apparent scorn
By my—I will not call her daughter? Go,
Conduct in the lovèd youth Antonio:
[Exit ALBERTO to fetch ANTONIO.]
He shall behold me spurn my private good;
Piero loves his honour more than 's blood.
皮埃罗　在我们审判席上做个极公正端直之人。
哪怕梅莉达是我的眼睛，染上了如此
可憎淫邪的瑕疵，我也要将它剜出来。
把那娼妇押上来，让她穿着她的新娘礼服，
好让她为自己外表如此雪白、
内心却如此黧黑而脸红。带她上来。
[福罗博斯科与卡斯蒂利奥下。]
我爱安东尼奥，看在他父亲份上，
爱得那么珍重，那么全然精选，
以至于我哪怕只知道有一丝偏见
是冲着他高贵血统而来的，

我也要向那存念之人维持一场
不共戴天的仇雠，不死的恨怒。难道为了偏袒我自己的骨血，
公义便要沉睡于肉身的昏倦之中么，
而那亲爱的殿下已被我那——
我真不想叫她女儿——如此公然轻蔑？
去，领那位亲爱的少年安东尼奥进来：
[阿尔贝托下，去寻安东尼奥。]
他将亲见我唾弃我私己的偏袒；
皮埃罗爱他的荣誉，胜过爱他的骨血。
ANTONIO. [Aside.]
The devil he does more than both.
安东尼奥　[旁白。] 他爱魔鬼胜过爱这两样。
BALURDO.
Stand back there, fool; I do hate a fool most,
most pathetically. O, these that have no sap of retort
and obtuse wit in them: faught!
巴鲁尔多　往后站，你这傻瓜；我最最、最最感人地
讨厌傻瓜。哦，这帮肚子里连一点回敬、
愚钝的才智的汁水都没有的家伙：呸！
ANTONIO.
Puff, hold, world; puff, hold, bubble; puff, hold,
world; puff, break not behind; puff, thou art full of
wind; puff, keep up thy wind; puff, 'tis broke! and now
I laugh like a good fool at the breath of mine own
lips, he, he, he, he, he!
安东尼奥　噗，挺住，世界；噗，挺住，泡泡；噗，挺住，
世界；噗，别在后面裂了；噗，你一肚子尽是气；
噗，鼓好你的气；噗，破了！此刻我一个好傻瓜似的
笑我这自个儿嘴唇吹出的气，
嘻，嘻，嘻，嘻，嘻！
BALURDO. You fool!
巴鲁尔多　你这个傻瓜！
ANTONIO.
You fool, puff!
安东尼奥　你才是傻瓜，噗！
BALURDO.
I cannot digest thee, the unvulgar fool. Go, fool.
巴鲁尔多　我消化不了你，你这个不俗的傻瓜。去，傻瓜。
PIERO.
Forbear, Balurdo; let the fool alone.
Come hither. Is he your fool?
皮埃罗　克制些，巴鲁尔多；莫理会那傻瓜。
过来。他是您的弄臣吗？
MARIA.
Yes, my loved lord.
玛利娅　是的，我的爱主。
PIERO. [Aside.]
Would all the states in Venice were like thee!
O then I were secur'd.
He that's a villain, or but meanly soul'd,

Must still converse and cling to routs of fools,
That can not search the leaks of his defects.
O, your unsalted fresh fool is your only man:
These vinegar tart spirits are too piercing,
Too searching in the unglued joints of shaken wits.
Find they a chink, they'll wriggle in and in,
And eat like salt sea in his siddow ribs,
Till they have opened all his rotten parts
Unto the vaunting surge of base contempt,
And sunk the tossèd galleasse in depth
Of whirlpool scorn. Give me an honest fop.—
Dud a dud a! Why lo, sir, this takes he
As grateful now as a monopoly.
[The still flutes sound softly.]
皮埃罗　[旁白。] 真愿威尼斯所有的显贵都像你这般！
哦，那样我便安稳无虞了。
身为恶棍，或不过灵魂卑劣之人，
便须不断与那群傻瓜交往厮混，
因他们查不出他诸种缺陷的漏洞。
哦，你这个不咸不淡的生鲜傻瓜，才是唯一堪用之人：
那些醋一般尖酸刻薄的性子太犀利了，
在摇摇欲坠的才具那松散开的接榫里，搜索得太深啦。
但凡找到一丝缝隙，他们便一个劲儿地往里钻，往里钻，
像含盐的海水般，把他那软糟的肋骨啃噬，
直将他的部分通通敞给
那卑下侮慢的汹汹浪涛去夸耀，
最终将那颠簸的大船沉入
轻蔑的漩涡深处。还是给我一个忠厚老实的小丑罢。——
嘟啊嘟啊！喏，瞧，先生，他领受这个，
就像领受专卖权似的，好不称心快意。
[柔笛轻声奏响。]
Enter FOROBOSCO and CASTILIO: MELLIDA supported by two waiting-women.
福罗博斯科与卡斯蒂利奥上：梅莉达由二侍女搀扶上。
MELLIDA.
All honour to this royal confluence.
梅莉达　愿一切荣光归于这皇家的集会。
PIERO.
Forbear, impure, to blot bright honour's name
With thy defilèd lips. The flux of sin
Flows from thy tainted body: thou so foul,
So all dishonour'd, canst no honour give,
No wish of good, that can have good effect
To this grave senate, and illustrate bloods.
Why stays the doom of death?
皮埃罗　闭嘴，不洁之人，休要用你肮脏的嘴唇
玷污光明荣誉之名。罪的黏液
从你那染污的躯体淌出：你这般秽恶，
如此遍体蒙羞，既不能给这庄严的元老院
和显赫的贵胄们带来任何荣誉，

也不能表达任何有益的善意祝愿。
死刑之判决，为何迟迟不下？
FIRST SENATOR.
Who riseth up to manifest her guilt?
元老甲　谁站出来指证她的罪？
SECOND SENATOR.
You must produce apparent proof, my lord.
元老乙　您必须出示明证，大人。
PIERO.
Why, where is Strotzo?—he that swore he saw
The very act, and vow'd that Feliche fled
Upon his sight: on which I brake the breast
Of the adulterous lecher with five stabs.
Go, fetch in Strotzo.
Now, thou impudent,
If thou hast any drop of modest blood
Shrouded within thy cheeks, blush, blush for shame,
That rumour yet may say thou felt'st defame.
皮埃罗　呃，斯特罗佐呢？——他可是发誓亲眼目睹
那桩勾当，并力证费利切一看到他
便逃走了：凭此证词，我以五次捅刺
击穿了那淫通之人的胸膛。
去，带斯特罗佐上来。
现在，你这无耻之人，
你若还有半滴贞淑的血
藏在你面颊之内，便该为羞耻而脸红，脸红，
也好让流言日后说你尚知蒙羞。
MELLIDA.
Produce the devil; let your Strotzo come:
I can defeat his strongest argument,
With—
梅莉达　把那魔鬼带上来吧；叫你的斯特罗佐来吧：
我能驳倒他那最强有力的说辞，
只消——
PIERO.
With what?
皮埃罗　只消什么？
MELLIDA.
With tears, with blushes, sighs, and claspèd hands;
With innocent uprearèd arms to Heaven;
With my unnooak simplicity. These, these
Must, will, can only quit my heart of guilt:
Heaven permits not taintless blood be spilt.
If no remorse live in your savage breast—
梅莉达　只消用眼泪，用红晕，叹息，和紧握的手；
只消向苍天无辜高举的双臂；
只消我坦荡无隐的单纯。这些，这些
必须，也必将，也唯有这些能以洗清我心中的罪疚：
苍天不许无玷之血被溅洒。
若在您那野蛮的胸中全无一丝悲悯——

PIERO.
Then thou must die.
皮埃罗　那你就必须死。
MELLIDA.
Yet dying, I'll be blest.
梅莉达　纵然死，我也是有福的。
PIERO.
Accurst by me.
皮埃罗　由我来诅咒。
MELLIDA.
Yet blest, in that I strove
To live, and die—
梅莉达　仍是有福的，因我曾努力
活着，与赴死——
PIERO.
My hate.
皮埃罗　我的恨。
MELLIDA.
Antonio's love.
梅莉达　安东尼奥的爱。
ANTONIO. [Aside.]
Antonio's love!
安东尼奥　[旁白。] 安东尼奥的爱！
Enter STROTZO, with a cord about his neck.
斯特罗佐上，颈绕绳索。
STROTZO.
O what vast ocean of repentant tears
Can cleanse my breast from the polluting filth
Of ulcerous sin! Supreme Efficient,
Why cleav'st thou not my breast with thunderbolts
Of wing'd revenge?
斯特罗佐　哦，多么浩瀚汪洋的悔过之泪
才能将我胸中那溃烂之罪的
污秽涤净！至高的原动因啊，
你何不乘着疾飞的复仇霹雳
劈开我的胸膛？
PIERO.
What means this passion?
皮埃罗　这阵激情是何意？
ANTONIO. [Aside.]
What villainy are they decocting now? Umh!
安东尼奥　[旁白。] 他们此刻又在炮制什么恶行？唔！
STROTZO.
In me convertite ferrum, O proceres.
Nihil iste, nec ista.
斯特罗佐　将刀剑转而对准我吧，哦，诸位元老。
这人，或那女人，都不足道。
PIERO.
Lay hold on him! What strange portent is this?

皮埃罗　把他拿下！这是什么奇异的异象？
STROTZO.
I will not flinch. Death, hell more grimly stare
Within my heart than in your threat'ning brows.
Record, thou threefold guard of dreadest power,
What I here speak is forced from my lips
By the impulsive strain of conscience.
I have a mount of mischief clogs my soul,
As weighty as the high-noll'd Apennine,
Which I must straight disgorge, or breast will burst.
I have defam'd this lady wrongfully,
By instigation of Antonio,
Whose reeling love, tost on each fancy's surge,
Began to loath before it fully joy'd.
斯特罗佐　我不会退缩。死亡与地狱，在我心中
那狰狞的瞪视，比在你们威吓的眉宇中更甚。
请记下，你，那最可畏威权的三重护卫啊，
我在此所说的一切，是被良心的
冲动之力强挤出唇的。
有一大堆恶行淤塞了我的灵魂，
如同高耸的亚平宁山脉那般沉重，
我必须即刻将它们呕出，否则胸膛便会迸裂。
我受安东尼奥的唆使，
冤屈地诽谤了这位淑女，
他那反复无常的情爱，在一阵阵幻想的浪涛上颠簸，
还未曾充分享受，便开始厌腻了。
PIERO.
Go, seize Antonio! guard him strongly in!
[Exit FOROBOSCO.]
皮埃罗　去，捉拿安东尼奥！把他牢牢看押！
[福罗博斯科下。]
STROTZO.
By his ambition being only brib'd,
Fee'd by his impious hand, I poisonèd
His agèd father, that his thirsty hopes
Might quench their dropsy of aspiring drought
With full unbounded quaff.
斯特罗佐　单只受了他野心的贿买，
从他大逆不道的手中领了酬金，我便毒死了
他年迈的父亲，好让他那焦渴的希冀
以无拘无束的畅饮解去
那份往上攀升的狂渴。
PIERO.
Seize me, Antonio!
皮埃罗　给我把安东尼奥抓住！
STROTZO.
O, why permit you now such scum of filth
As Strotzo is to live and taint the air
With his infectious breath!

斯特罗佐　哦，你们为何如今还容得像斯特罗佐这般
卑鄙的秽物活着，用他有毒的呼吸
玷染空气！
PIERO.
Myself will be thy strangler, unmatchèd slave.
[PIERO comes from his chair, snatcheth the cord's end, and CASTILIO aideth him: both strangle STROTZO.]
皮埃罗　我要亲手勒死你，你这无与伦比的下贱奴才。
[皮埃罗离座而起，攫住索端，卡斯蒂利奥相助：二人合力将斯特罗佐绞死。]
STROTZO.
Now change your—
斯特罗佐　此刻改变你们的——
PIERO.
I—pluck Castilio!—I change my humour: pluck Castilio!
Die, with thy death's entreats even in thy jaws.—
[Aside.] Now, now, now, now, now, my plot begins to work!
Why, thus should statesmen do,
That cleave through knots of craggy policies,
Use men like wedges, one strike out another,
Till by degrees the tough and knurly trunk
Be riv'n in sunder.—Where's Antonio?
皮埃罗　我——拽紧，卡斯蒂利奥！——我改变我脾性了：拽紧，卡斯蒂利奥！
死吧，临死的哀求还含在你嘴里。——
[旁白。] 此刻，此刻，此刻，此刻，此刻，我的谋划开始奏效了！
唉，理政者正该如此，
劈开那嶙峋策术中的种种死结，
把人当楔子使，一根敲出另一根，
直到那坚硬多节的树干
渐次被豁成两半。——安东尼奥在何处？
Enter ALBERTO, running.
阿尔贝托奔上。
ALBERTO.
O, black accursèd fate! Antonio's drown'd.
阿尔贝托　哦，黑漆漆的可诅咒的命运哪！安东尼奥溺死了。
PIERO. Speak, on thy faith, on thy allegiance, speak.
皮埃罗　说，凭你的忠诚，凭你的臣节起誓，说。
ALBERTO.
As I do love Piero, he is drown'd.
阿尔贝托　以我对皮埃罗的爱为证，他溺死了。
ANTONIO. [Aside.]
In an inundation of amazement.
安东尼奥　[旁白。] 淹死在惊愕的洪水中。
MELLIDA.
Ay, is this the close of all my strains in love?
O me most wretched maid!
梅莉达　唉，我情爱中一切音曲的终章就是这样吗？
哦，我这个最苦命的女子！
PIERO.
Antonio drown'd! how? how? Antonio drown'd!

皮埃罗　安东尼奥溺死了！怎么？怎么？安东尼奥溺死了！
ALBERTO.
Distraught and raving, from a turret's top
He threw his body in the swollen sea,
And as he headlong topsy-turvy ding'd down,
He still cried “Mellida!”
阿尔贝托　神志失常，胡言乱语，从一座塔楼之巅
他将身体投入了汹涌的海里，
他头朝下颠倒着重重坠下之时，
口里仍喊着「梅莉达！」
ANTONIO. [Aside.]
My love's bright crown!
安东尼奥　[旁白。] 我的爱的明灿王冠！
MELLIDA.
He still cried “Mellida”!
梅莉达　他口里仍喊着「梅莉达」！
PIERO.
Daughter, methinks your eyes should sparkle joy,
Your bosom rise on tiptoe at this news.
皮埃罗　女儿，我以为听到这消息，你的双眼该闪着
欣悦之光，你的胸膛该踮着脚尖升起来才是。
MELLIDA.
Ay me!
梅莉达　唉，我！
PIERO.
How now? Ay, me! why, art not great of thanks
To gracious Heaven for the just revenge
Upon the author of thy obliquies!
皮埃罗　怎么啦？唉，我！怎么，你难道不深深地感谢
仁慈的上苍，向那谤毁你的元凶
施以应得的报复！
MARIA.
Sweet beauty, I could sigh as fast as you,
But that I know that, which I weep to know.
[Aside.] His fortunes should be such he dare not show
His open presence!
玛利娅　亲爱的美人，我本也能和你一样急促叹息，
若不是我知道那些，那些我一想起来就要落泪的事。
[旁白。] 他的处境想必是，他不敢显露
他的公然在场！
MELLIDA.
I know he lov'd me dearly, dearly, ay:
And since I cannot live with him, I die.
[Swoons.]
梅莉达　我知道他珍重地、珍重地爱着我，是的：
既然我无法与他同生，我便死。
[晕厥。]
PIERO.

'Fore Heaven, her speech falters; look, she swounds.
Convey her up into her private bed.
[MARIA, NUTRICHE, and the Ladies bear out MELLIDA, as being swooned.]
I hope she'll live. If not—
皮埃罗　苍天在上，她话都说不利索了；看，她晕过去了。
把她送到她私己的床榻上去。
[玛利娅、乳媪与众侍女扶晕倒的梅莉达下。]
但愿她能活。否则——
ANTONIO.
Antonio's dead! the fool will follow too.
He, he, he! [Aside.] Now works the scene; quick observation, scud
To cote the plot, or else the path is lost:
My very self am gone, my way is fled:
Ay, all is lost, if Mellida is dead.
[Exit ANTONIO.]
安东尼奥　安东尼奥死了！这傻瓜也要跟着走。
嘻，嘻，嘻！[旁白。] 此刻这场戏正演着呢；机敏的观察，速速
去留意这谋划，否则路径便失却了：
我这个人本身已是去了，我的路也已是遁了：
唉，若梅莉达死了，一切也就全完了。
[安东尼奥下。]
PIERO.
Alberto, I am kind; Alberto, kind.
I am sorry for thy coz, i'faith I am.
Go, take him down, and bear him to his father.
Let him be buried; look ye, I'll pay the priest.
皮埃罗　阿尔贝托，我是和善的；阿尔贝托，和善。
我对你那堂兄的死感到难过，说真格的是如此。
去，把他放下来，抬去给他父亲。
让他下葬吧；听好，我来付钱给牧师。
ALBERTO.
Please you to admit his father to the court?
阿尔贝托　请容他的父亲进宫来？
PIERO.
No.
皮埃罗　不行。
ALBERTO.
Please you to restore his lands and goods again?
阿尔贝托　请容归还他原先的田地和财产？
PIERO.
No.
皮埃罗　不行。
ALBERTO.
Please you vouchsafe him lodging in the city?
阿尔贝托　请容允许他在城中觅一处寓所？
PIERO.
God's fut, no, thou odd uncivil fellow!
I think you do forget, sir, where you are.

皮埃罗　上帝的中，不行，你这个孤拐无礼的家伙！
我看你是忘了，先生，你在什么地方。
ALBERTO.
I know you do forget, sir, where you must be.
阿尔贝托　我却知道您是忘了，先生，您终究要去什么地方。
FOROBOSCO.
You are too malapet, i'faith you are.
Your honour might do well to—
福罗博斯科　你太狂妄无礼了，说真格太无礼了。
大人您倒不妨——
ALBERTO.
Peace, parasite; thou bur, that only sticks
Unto the nap of greatness.
阿尔贝托　住口，寄食鬼；你这芒刺，只知
黏附在高官厚禄的绒头上。
PIERO.
Away with that same yelping cur—away!
皮埃罗　把那只乱吠的狗撵出去——撵走！
ALBERTO.
I—I am gone; but mark, Piero, this.
There is a thing call'd scouring Nemesis.
[Exit ALBERTO.]
阿尔贝托　我——我这就走；但记着，皮埃罗，这个。
有种东西叫作那清扫一切的涅墨西斯。
[阿尔贝托下。]
BALURDO.
God's neaks, he has wrong, that he has:
and s'fut, and I were as he,
I would bear no coals.
Law, I, I begin to swell—puff.
巴鲁尔多　上帝的颈脖，他有冤，他真有冤：
他妈的，我要是他，
我可不受这气。
瞧，我，我，我开始发胀了——噗。
PIERO.
How now, fool, fop, fool!
皮埃罗　怎么啦，傻瓜，小丑，傻瓜！
BALURDO.
Fool, fop, fool! Marry muffe!
I pray you, how many fools have you seen
go in a suit of satin?
I hope, yet, I do not look a fool i'faith!
A fool! God's bores, I scorn't with my heel.
'S neaks, and I were worth but three hundred pound
a year more, I could swear richly;
nay, but as poor as I am,
I will swear the fellow hath wrong.
巴鲁尔多　傻瓜，小丑，傻瓜！咄，呸！
我倒要请教您，您见过几个傻瓜

穿一身缎子衣裳的？
我希望，论说呢，我可看着不像个傻瓜！
一个傻瓜！上帝的孔眼哪，我用脚后跟鄙弃它。
颈脖哪，我再多值三百镑一年的进账，
我就能咒得阔气了；
不，尽管像我这等穷，
我也要说那家伙有冤屈。
PIERO.
Young Galeazzo! Ay, a proper man;
Florence, a goodly city: it shall be so,
I'll marry her to him instantly.
Then Genoa mine, by my Maria's match,
Which I'll solemnise ere next setting sun:
Thus Venice, Florence, Genoa, strongly leagued.
Excellent, excellent! I'll conquer Rome,
Pop out the light of bright religion;
And then, helter skelter, all cock-sure.
皮埃罗　年轻的加莱亚佐！对啊，一个体面人；
弗洛伦萨，一座壮丽的城：就该如此，
我即刻把她嫁给他。
然后通过我与玛利娅的联姻，热那亚便是我的，
这桩婚事在下次日落前我便要举行：
如此一来，威尼斯、弗洛伦萨、热那亚，坚固地结盟了。
好极，好极！我要征服罗马，
把那光明宗教的灯给掐灭；
然后，手忙脚乱地，一切便稳稳当当了。
BALURDO.
Go to, 'tis just, the man hath wrong: go to.
巴鲁尔多　行了，这是公道的，那家伙有冤：行了。
PIERO.
Go to, thou shalt have right. Go to, Castilio,
Clap him into the palace dungeon;
Lap him in rags, and let him feed on slime
That smears the dungeon' cheek. Away with him.
皮埃罗　行了，你会得到公道的。行了，卡斯蒂利奥，
把他丢进宫里的大牢去；
给他裹上破布，让他吃
那涂满囚牢墙壁的黏液吧。把他拖走。
BALURDO.
In very good truth, now, I'll ne'er do so more;
this one time and—
巴鲁尔多　在非常非常好的真相里头说，此刻，我再也不这么做了；
就这一回，而且——
PIERO.
Away with him—observe it strictly—go!
皮埃罗　把他拖走——严格照办——去！
BALURDO.
Why then, O wight!
Alas, poor knight!
O, welladay, Sir Jefferay!

Let poets roar,
And all deplore;
For now I bid you good-night.
[Exit BALURDO with CASTILIO.]
巴鲁尔多　那好吧，哦，人哪！
唉，可怜的骑士！
哦，唉呀呀，杰弗里爵爷！
让诗家们去咆哮，
让所有人都悲悼；
我此刻向您道晚安了。
[巴鲁尔多与卡斯蒂利奥下。]
Re-enter MARIA.
玛利娅重上。
MARIA.
O piteous end of love! O too, too rude hand
Of unrespective death! Alas, sweet maid!
玛利娅　哦，爱情的可怜下场！哦，那不管不顾的死亡
那过于、过于粗暴的手！唉，甜美的姑娘！
PIERO.
Forbear me, Heaven. What intend these plaints?
皮埃罗　苍天饶我。这些哀叹是何用意？
MARIA.
The beauty of admir'd creation,
The life of modest unmix'd purity,
Our sex's glory, Mellida is—
玛利娅　那受叹赏的造化之美，
那端方无杂的纯洁之生命，
我们女性的荣光，梅莉达已经——
PIERO.
What, O Heaven, what!
皮埃罗　什么，哦苍天，什么！
MARIA.
Dead!
玛利娅　死了！
PIERO.
May it not sad your thoughts, how?
皮埃罗　但愿别叫您难过——怎么死的？
MARIA.
Being laid upon her bed, she grasp'd my hand,
And kissing it, spake thus: “Thou very poor,
Why dost not weep? The jewel of thy brow,
The rich adornment that enchased thy breast,
Is lost: thy son, my love, is lost, is dead.
And do I live to say Antonio's dead?
And have I lived to see his virtues blurr'd
With guiltless blots? O world, thou art too subtle
For honest natures to converse withal,
Therefore I'll leave thee; farewell, mart of woe,
I fly to clip my love, Antonio!”

With that her head sunk down upon her breast;
Her cheek chang'd earth, her senses slept in rest,
Until my fool, that press'd unto the bed,
Screech'd out so loud that he brought back her soul,
Call'd her again, that her bright eyes gan ope,
And star'd upon him. He, audacious fool,
Dar'd kiss her hand, wish'd her “soft rest, loved bride;”
She fumbled out, “thanks, good;” and so she died.
玛利娅　被安顿到榻上之后，她握住我的手，
一边亲吻，一边说出这番话：「你这个至为可悲的人，
为何不哭？你额头上的宝珠，
那嵌在你胸前的贵重饰物，
没了：你的儿子，我的爱人，没了，死了。
我竟还活着说安东尼奥死了？
我竟还活着看他的德行被凭空污损？
哦，尘世，你太狡狯了，
诚实的天性无法与你交谈，
因此我要离开你；别了，悲苦的市集，
我飞去拥抱我的爱，安东尼奥！」
说着，她的头垂到了胸口；
她的脸颊变成了土色，她的感官在安宁中沉沉睡去，
直到我那个弄臣挤到床边，
尖声叫喊得那么响，把她的灵魂又带转回来，
将她再度唤醒，她那明亮的眼微睁，
凝视着他。他，那个大胆的傻瓜，
竟吻了她的手，祝她「温柔地安歇，亲爱的新娘；」
她含糊地吐出「谢谢，好人儿；」便这样死了。
PIERO.
And so she died! I do not use to weep;
But by thy love (out of whose fertile sweet
I hope for as fair fruit) I am deep sad.—
I will not stay my marriage for all this.—
Castilio, Forobosco, all,
Strain all your wits, wind up invention
Unto his highest bent, to sweet this night;
Make us drink Lethe by your quaint conceits,
That for two days oblivion smother grief.
But when my daughter's exequies approach,
Let's all turn sighers. Come, despite of fate,
Sound loudest music, let's pace out in state!
[The cornets sound.—Exeunt.]
皮埃罗　她便这样死了！我素不惯于哭泣；
可是凭着你的爱（从它那肥沃的甜美中
我盼着结出同样美好的果实），我是深为悲痛的。——
尽管如此，我也不会为此推延我的婚事。——
卡斯蒂利奥，福罗博斯科，大家，
绞尽你们的脑力，把巧思
上满它的最高最紧之处，要让今晚变得甜美无比；
用你们新奇的妙想让我们饮下忘川之水，
让遗忘把悲恸闷上两天。

但待到我女儿殡葬之期临近时，
我们再全都转变为叹息者罢。来吧，无视命运，
奏起最响的乐曲，我们盛仪堂皇地走吧！
[短号吹响。——同下。]

ACT IV, SCENE II
第四幕，第二场
Enter ANTONIO solus, in fool's habit.
安东尼奥独自上，身着弄臣服。
ANTONIO.
Ay, heaven, thou may'st, thou may'st, omnipotence.
What vermin bred of putrefacted slime
Shall dare to expostulate with thy decrees!
O heaven, thou may'st indeed: she was all thine,
All heavenly: I did but humbly beg
To borrow her of thee a little time.
Thou gav'st her me, as some weak-breasted dame
Giveth her infant, puts it out to nurse;
And when it once goes high-lone, takes it back.
She was my vital blood, and yet, and yet,
I'll not blaspheme.
Look here! behold!
[ANTONIO puts off his cap and lieth just upon his back.]
I turn my prostrate breast upon thy face,
And vent a heaving sigh. O hear but this!
I am a poor, poor orphan—a weak, weak child,
The wrack of splitted fortune, the very ooze,
The quicksand that devours all misery.
Behold the valiant'st creature that doth breathe!
For all this I dare live, and I will live,
Only to numb some other's cursed blood
With the dead palsy of like misery.
Then, death, like to a stifling incubus,
Lie on my bosom. Lo, see, I am sped.
My breast is Golgotha, grave for the dead.
安东尼奥　是的，苍天，你尽可以、尽可以这般行，全能者啊。
哪一条从腐臭黏液中孳生的虫豸
胆敢与你的裁决抗辩！
哦，苍天，你实在尽可以如此：她全属于你，
全然是天上的：我不过是谦卑地恳求
向你借她短短一时。
你将她给了我，恰如某个胸乳羸弱的主妇
将她的婴孩送出哺养；
一旦他到了能独自站立行走之时，便要了回去。
她本是我的命血，然而，然而，
我不会出言亵渎。

看这儿！瞧吧！
[安东尼奥脱去帽子，仰面平躺在地。]
我把这匍匐的胸膛转向你的面孔，
并吁出一声起伏的长叹。哦，单听我这句罢！
我是个可怜的、可怜的孤儿——一个软弱的、软弱的孩子，
碎裂的运命之残骸，那吞没一切
悲苦的淤泥、流沙。
看哪，这天地间所有呼吸着的生灵中最英勇的一个！
尽管如此，我仍敢活着，我也要继续活着，
只为用同等的悲苦之
致命的麻痹去僵凝掉某些其他可诅咒的血。
那么，死亡，像一具窒闷的魇魔，
躺在我胸膛上吧。瞧，先生，我已是完了。
我的胸膛乃是各各他，安放死人的坟地。
Enter PANDULPHO, ALBERTO, and a Page, carrying FELICHE'S trunk in a winding sheet, and lay it thwart ANTONIO'S breast.
潘杜尔福、阿尔贝托与一侍童上，侍童以裹尸布捧费利切的尸身，并横置于安东尼奥胸膛之上。
PANDULPHO.
Antonio, kiss my foot: I honour thee,
In laying thwart my blood upon thy breast.
I tell thee, boy, he was Pandulpho's son;
And I do grace thee with supporting him.
Young man,
He who hath naught that fortune's gripe can seize,
The domineering monarch of the earth;
He who is all impregnably his own,
He whose great heart heaven cannot force with force,
Vouchsafes his love. Non servio Deo, sed assentio.
潘杜尔福　安东尼奥，吻我的脚罢：我将我的骨血
横陈在你胸膛之上，是对你的敬重。
我告诉你，孩子，他可是潘杜尔福的儿子；
我让你支撑着他，是将荣耀加于你。
青年人啊，
那命运的掌握抓不着他一丝一毫的人，
方是这大地之上统御万方的君主；
那全然坚不可摧地归属于自己的人，
他那伟大的心，苍天也无法用力来强夺——，
才惠赐他的爱。Non servio Deo, sed assentio。
ANTONIO.
I ha' lost a good wife.
安东尼奥　我失去了一个好妻子。
PANDULPHO.
Didst find her good, or didst thou make her good?
If found, thou may'st refind, because thou hadst her;
If made, the work is lost, but thou that mad'st her
Liv'st yet as cunning. Hast lost a good wife?
Thrice-bless'd man that lost her whilst she was good,
Fair, young, unblemish'd, constant, loving, chaste.
I tell thee, youth, age knows, young loves seem grac'd,
Which with gray cares, rude jars, are oft defac'd.

潘杜尔福　你是发现她好，还是你使她变好的？
若为发现，你还能重新发现，因为你曾拥有过她；
若为造就，那作品固然失落了，可造就了她的你
还活着，且仍有那份能耐。失去了一个好妻子？
三倍有福的人哪，是在她好的时候失去她的，
那时她美丽、年少、无玷、坚贞、深情、贞洁。
我告诉你，少年人，老年才知道，少艾之爱看似蒙恩，
却往往被暮年的忧戚与粗暴的龃龉所毁坏。
ANTONIO.
But she was full of hope.
安东尼奥　但她满怀着希望。
PANDULPHO.
May be, may be; but that which may be stood,
Stands now without all may. She died good,
And dost thou grieve?
潘杜尔福　也许，也许罢；可是，曾经立于「也许」之上的那东西，
如今立在了一切的「也许」之外。她死的时候是好的，
你还要悲痛吗？
ALBERTO.
I ha' lost a true friend.
阿尔贝托　我失去了一个忠实的朋友。
PANDULPHO.
I live encompass'd with two bless'd souls.
Thou lost a good wife, thou lost a true friend, ha!
Two of the rarest lendings of the heavens,—
But lendings which, at the fix'd day of pay
Set down by fate, thou must restore again.
O what unconscionable souls are here!
Are you all like the spoke-shaves of the church?
Have you no maw to restitution?
Hast lost a true friend, coz? then thou hadst one.
I tell thee, youth, 'tis all as difficult
To find a true friend in this apostate age
(That balks all right affiance 'twixt two hearts)
As 'tis to find a fix'd modest heart
Under a painted breast.
Lost a true friend!
O happy soul that lost him whilst he was true!
Believe it, coz, I to my tears have found,
Oft dirt's respect makes firmer friends unsound.
潘杜尔福　我活着，被两个有福的灵魂环绕着。
你失去了好妻子，你失去了忠友，哈！
两笔上天极罕的借与物——
但却是借与物，命运规定的偿还之日
一到，你还必须归还。
哦，此地的人心是何等毫无良知！
你们全像那教堂里的刮勺一般么？
你们就没有一副要求物归原主的肚肠么？
失去了一个忠友，侄儿？那你便是有过一个。
我告诉你，少年人，在这个离经叛道的时代

（它把两颗心之间一切真正的信赖都化作泡影）
要找到一个真正的朋友，
如同在一副彩绘的胸脯下找一颗
坚稳贞淑的心一般艰难。
失去了一个忠友！
哦，何等幸福的灵魂，是在他真诚时失去他的！
信我罢，侄儿，我流着泪发现，
往往财富的看重，能使更牢固的友人溃烂。
ALBERTO.
You have lost a good son.
阿尔贝托　您失去了一个好儿子。
PANDULPHO.
Why, there's the comfort on't, that he was good.
Alas, poor innocent!
潘杜尔福　唉，聊以自慰之处，恰恰在此：他死时是好的。
唉，可怜的无辜之人！
ALBERTO.
Why weeps mine uncle?
阿尔贝托　伯父为何流泪了？
PANDULPHO.
Ha, dost ask me why? ha, ha!
Good coz, look here!
[He shows him his son's breast.]
Man will break out, despite philosophy.
Why, all this while I ha' but play'd a part,
Like to some boy that acts a tragedy,
Speaks burly words, and raves out passion;
But, when he thinks upon his infant weakness,
He droops his eye. I spake more than a god,
Yet am less than a man.
I am the miserable soul that breathes.
潘杜尔福　哈，你还问我为何？哈，哈！
好侄儿，看看这儿！
[他给侄儿看儿子胸膛的伤口。]
人终归要决堤而出的，纵有哲学也拦不住。
唉，这许久，我不过是演了一角戏份，
就像某个扮演悲剧的童伶，
说着洪壮的台词，狂吼出悲情；
但，想到自己稚嫩的软弱时，
便垂下了眼睛。我比神说得还大，
如今却连人都不如。
我是天地间最悲惨的那个有灵性的活人。
ANTONIO. [Starts up.]
'Slid, sir, ye lie! by the heart of grief, thou liest!
I scorn'd that any wretched should survive,
Outmounting me in that superlative,
Most miserable, most unmatch'd in woe.
Who dare assume that but Antonio?
安东尼奥　[跃起。] 妈的，先生，你撒谎！凭悲痛的心发誓，你撒谎！
我绝不屑有任何苦命人活着，

能在那个最高级上凌驾于我，
比我更悲惨，在悲苦中更无人可匹。
除了安东尼奥，谁敢这般自居？
PANDULPHO.
Wilt still be so, and shall yon blood-hound live?
潘杜尔福　你还要继续这样，而让那条嗜血的猎犬活着吗？
ANTONIO.
Have I an arm, a heart, a sword, a soul?
安东尼奥　我可有一副胳膊、一颗心、一把剑、一个灵魂？
ALBERTO.
Were you but private unto what we know—
阿尔贝托　只要您知晓我们所知道的事——
PANDULPHO.
I'll know it all; first let's inter the dead.
Let's dig his grave with that shall dig the heart,
Liver, and entrails of the murderer.
[They strike the stage with their daggers, and the grave openeth.]
潘杜尔福　我会全都知道的；先把这死者葬了罢。
我们用那将挖出凶手的心、
肝和腑脏的工具，掘出他的坟。
[他们以短剑击打舞台，坟墓开启。]
ANTONIO.
Wilt sing a dirge, boy?
安东尼奥　可要唱首挽歌，孩子？
PANDULPHO.
No, no song; 'twill be vile out of tune.
潘杜尔福　不，不要歌；准会荒腔走板，不成样。
ALBERTO.
Indeed, he's hoarse; the poor boy's voice is crack'd.
阿尔贝托　真的，他嗓子都哑了；这孩子可怜的嗓音都裂了。
PANDULPHO.
Why, coz! why should it not be hoarse and crack'd,
When all the strings of nature's symphony
Are crack'd and jar? Why should his voice keep tune,
When there's no music in the breast of man?
I'll say an honest antic rhyme I have:
Help me, good sorrow-mates, to give him grave.
[They all help to carry FELICHE to his grave.]
Death, exile, plaints, and woe,
Are but man's lackeys, not his foe.
No mortal 'scapes from fortune's war
Without a wound, at least a scar.
Many have led thee to the grave;
But all shall follow, none shall save.
Blood of my youth, rot and consume;
Virtue in dirt doth life assume.
With this old saw close up this dust:—
Thrice blessèd man that dieth just.

潘杜尔福　何不哑，侄儿！当自然这部交响乐的根根琴弦
全都崩裂失调的时候，它何能不哑不裂？
当人的胸膛里毫无音律之时，
他的声音何能保持调谐？
我要念一首我知悉的朴质的老诗：
帮我，好悲苦的同伴们，把坟土给他罢。
[众人一同将费利切移至其墓。]
死亡、流放、哀号和悲苦，
不过是人的仆从，而非其敌仇。
没有哪个凡人逃得过命运的铁砧，
能不带一伤，至少也留道疤瘢。
许多人已领着你走向坟墓；
但人人都将追随其后，无人幸免。
我青春的血啊，腐去、耗去罢；
德性在泥土中重获生命。
以这古老的格言掩封这尘土罢：——
公正地死去的人，三倍有福。
ANTONIO.
The gloomy wing of night begins to stretch
His lazy pinion o'er the air.
We must be stiff and steady in resolve;
Let's thus our hands, our hearts, our arms involve.
[They wreath their arms.]
安东尼奥　黑夜那阴郁郁的翅膀，开始将它
慵懒的飞羽伸向天空。
我们必须让决心坚挺且不动摇；
让我们这般将我们的手、我们的心、我们的臂膀彼此缠绕。
[他们交缠手臂。]
PANDULPHO.
Now swear we by this Gordian knot of love,
By the fresh-turned up mould that wraps my son,
By the dread brow of triple Hecate,
Ere night shall close the lids of yon bright stars,
We'll sit as heavy on Piero's heart,
As Aetna doth on groaning Pelorus.
潘杜尔福　此刻，我们凭这爱的戈尔迪乌斯之结立誓，
凭这新翻起的、裹覆我儿的松软泥土立誓，
凭那可怖的三重赫卡忒的眉额立誓，
不出黑夜将那边明亮星辰的眼睑合起之前，
我们便要坐在皮埃罗的心上，
如同埃特纳山压在呻吟的佩洛鲁斯之上一般沉重。
ANTONIO.
Thanks, good old man; we'll cast at royal chance.
Let's think a plot—then pell-mell, vengeance!
[Exeunt, their arms wreathed.]
安东尼奥　多谢，善良的老人；我们要向王者的运势投出孤注。
构想出一番计谋来——然后，豁出去，复仇！
[众人交臂同下。]

ACT V, SCENE I
第五幕，第一场
The cornets sound for the Act.
短号奏本幕开场乐。
The dumb show.
哑剧。
Enter at one door CASTILIO and FOROBOSCO, with halberts; four Pages with torches; LUCIO, bare; PIERO, MARIA, and ALBERTO, talking; ALBERTO draws out his dagger, MARIA her knife, aiming to menace the Duke. Then GALEAZZO, betwixt two Senators, reading a paper to them, at which they all make semblance of loathing PIERO, and knit their fists at him; two Ladies and NUTRICHE. All these go softly over the stage, whilst at the other door enters the ghost of ANDRUGIO, who passeth by them, tossing his torch about his head in triumph. All forsake the stage, saving ANDRUGIO, who, speaking, begins the Act.
自一门入，卡斯蒂利奥与福罗博斯科持戟上；四侍童持火把上；卢西奥免冠上；皮埃罗、玛利娅与阿尔贝托交谈着上；阿尔贝托拔出短剑，玛利娅拔出小刀，意欲威胁公爵。随后加莱亚佐立于二元老之间上，展开一纸卷读与他们听，众人皆佯装厌憎皮埃罗，并朝他捏紧拳头；二淑女与乳媪上。以上人等静静走过舞台，此时，自另一门入，安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂上，他穿过众人，将火把绕着头顶得意地旋转。除安德鲁吉奥外，余人皆弃台而下，安德鲁吉奥开口说话，本幕开场。
GHOST OF ANDRUGIO.
Venit dies, tempusque, quo reddat suis Animam.
The fist of strenuous vengeance is clutch'd,
And stern Vindicta tow'reth up aloft,
That she may fall with a more weighty paise,
And crush life's sap from out Piero's veins.
Now 'gins the leprous cores of ulcered sins
Wheel to a head; now is his fate grown mellow,
Instant to fall into the rotten jaws
Of chap-fall'n death. Now down looks Providence,
T'attend the last act of my son's revenge.
Be gracious, observation, to our scene,
For now the plot unites his scatter'd limbs
Close in contracted bands.
The Florence Prince
(Drawn by firm notice of the Duke's black deeds)
Is made a partner in conspiracy.
The states of Venice are so swoll'n in hate
Against the Duke for his accursed deeds
(Of which they are confirm'd by some odd letters
Found in dead Strotzo's study, which had past
Betwixt Piero and the murd'ring slave)
That they can scarce retain from bursting forth
In plain revolt.
O, now triumphs my ghost,
Exclaiming, Heaven's just, for I shall see
The scourge of murder and impiety!
[Exit.]

安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂　那日子、那时辰到了，他该将自己的灵魂
交还给他的至亲了。
那奋力复仇的拳头已然攥紧，
而森然的维狄克塔高高耸立，
以便以更沉重的坠势砸落，
将生命的汁液从皮埃罗的血管中碾挤出来。
此刻，那些溃烂之罪孽的麻风疔疮
开始汇向一个脓头；此刻他的命运已熟透了，
旋即就要落入那颚骨松垂的
死亡之腐朽阔口中。
此刻，天意往下界注视，
来观看我儿复仇的最后一幕。
愿你怀着善意，将这场呈于你眼前的戏景观瞧，
因为此刻谋划将那些散落的肢干聚合起来，
以收紧的箍带紧束为一体。
弗洛伦萨的王子
（被他所得知的关于公爵秽行的确凿消息引来）
已成了这桩密谋的合伙人。
威尼斯的显贵们对公爵
那可诅咒的暴行（他们是从
从死去的斯特罗佐书房里搜出的、皮埃罗
与那杀人的奴才间往还的一些零散信札
得以确证的）已是恨得满腔鼓胀，
几乎无法再强忍着不爆发为
公开的叛乱。
哦，此刻我的鬼魂好不得意洋洋，
高声呼喊着，苍天是公正的，因为我即将目睹
那谋杀与不虔的鞭笞之刑！
[下。]
BALURDO from under the Stage.
巴鲁尔多自舞台下出。
BALURDO.
Ho, who's above there, ho?
A murrain on all proverbs. They say hunger
breaks through stone walls; but I am as gaunt
as lean-ribb'd famine, yet I can burst through
no stone walls. O now, Sir Jeffrey, show thy valour,
break prison and be hang'd.
Nor shall the darkest nook of hell contain
the discontented Sir Balurdo's ghost.
Well, I am out well; I have put off the prison
to put on the rope.
O poor shotten herring, what a pickle art thou in!
O hunger, how thou domineer'st in my guts!
O for a fat leg of ewe mutton in stewed broth,
or drunken song to feed on!
I could belch rarely, for I am all wind.
O cold, cold, cold, cold, cold!
O poor knight! O poor Sir Jeffrey,
sing like an unicorn before thou dost dip

thy horn in the water of death.
O cold, O sing, O cold, O poor Sir Jeffrey, sing, sing!
[A Song.]
巴鲁尔多　嚯，上面有人么，嚯？
所有的谚语都遭瘟去。人说饥饿
能钻透石壁；可我这枯瘦如
肋条毕露的饥荒的人，却什么石壁
也钻不破。哦，此刻，杰弗里爵士啊，显显你的勇武吧，
去越了狱、再给绞死。
地狱最黑的犄角旮旯，也关不住
那满腹怨愤的巴鲁尔多爵士的鬼魂。
啊，我好端端地出来了；我是脱掉了牢房，
好来套上绞索。
哦，可怜的腌鲱鱼干，你陷在一池多好的泡菜汤里啊！
哦，饥饿啊，你在我的肠子里好不跋扈！
哦，巴不得来一条肥肥的母羊腿，炖在汤里，
要么来一首醉醺醺的歌，让我饱食一顿！
我准能打出极漂亮的气嗝来，因为我满肚子都是气。
哦，冷，冷，冷，冷，冷！
哦，可怜的骑士！哦，可怜的杰弗里爵士，
像匹独角兽那般地唱罢，趁你还没将你的角
浸入那死亡的寒水之中。
哦，冷啊，哦，唱啊，哦，冷啊，哦可怜的杰弗里爵士，唱，唱！
[歌一曲。]
Enter ANTONIO and ALBERTO at several doors, their rapiers drawn, in their masking attire.
安东尼奥与阿尔贝托各从一门上，手持出鞘长剑，身穿假面舞装。
ANTONIO.
Vindicta!
安东尼奥　维狄克塔！
ALBERTO.
Mellida!
阿尔贝托　梅莉达！
ANTONIO.
Alberto!
安东尼奥　阿尔贝托！
ALBERTO.
Antonio!
阿尔贝托　安东尼奥！
ANTONIO.
Hath the Duke supp'd?
安东尼奥　公爵用过膳了吗？
ALBERTO.
Yes, and triumphant revels mount aloft.
The Duke drinks deep to overflow his grief;
The court is rack'd to pleasure; each man strains
To feign a jocund eye. The Florentine—
阿尔贝托　用了，那狂欢的宴乐正高高飞扬。
公爵痛饮着，以浇没他的悲恸；
宫廷被催逼着去寻欢；人人都硬撑着
装出喜气洋洋的眼神。那弗洛伦萨人——
ANTONIO.

Young Galeazzo!
安东尼奥　年轻的加莱亚佐！
ALBERTO.
Even he is mighty on our part.
The states of Venice—
阿尔贝托　他正是我们这边的一股强劲势力。
威尼斯的显贵们——
Enter PANDULPHO, running, in masking attire.
潘杜尔福奔上，身穿假面舞装。
PANDULPHO.
Like high-swooll'n floods drive down the muddy dams
Of pent allegiance. O, my lusty bloods,
Heaven sits clapping of our enterprise.
I have been labouring general favour firm,
And I do find the citizens grown sick
With swallowing the bloody crudities
Of black Piero's acts; they fain would cast
And vomit him from off their government.
Now is the plot of mischief ript wide ope;
Letters are found 'twixt Strotzo and the Duke,
So clear apparent, yet more firmly strong
By suiting circumstance, that, as I walk'd,
Muffled, to eavesdrop speech, I might observe
The graver statesmen whispering fearfully.
Here one gives nods and hums what he would speak;
The rumour's got 'mong troop of citizens,
Making loud murmur, with confusèd din;
One shakes his head and sighs, “O ill-us'd power!”
Another frets, and sets his grinding teeth,
Foaming with rage, and swears this must not be;
Here one complots, and on a sudden starts,
And cries, O monstrous, O deep villainy!
All knit their nerves, and from beneath swooll'n brows
Appears a gloating eye of much mislike;
Whilst swart Piero's lips rear steam of wine,
Swallows lust-thoughts, devours all pleasing hopes,
With strong imagination of—what not?
O now Vindicta! that's the word we have,
A royal vengeance, or a royal grave!
潘杜尔福　恰如高涨的洪流冲垮那阻塞的
忠节之泥坝。哦，我的热血儿郎们，
苍天正坐视我们这番事业，鼓掌叫好。
我一直着力将普遍的民心巩固稳当，
我发现那些市民们吞下了
黑心皮埃罗的种种血腥生料，
已吃坏了肚子；他们恨不能将他
从政府里呕出去、吐出去。
如今那奸谋的布局已被彻底撕开；

在斯特罗佐和公爵之间往还的信札已给搜着，
那证据分明清晰，又因种种吻合的情境
更显得确凿有力，我裹着头巾一路
沿檐溜壁偷听言语之际，能观察到
那些更持重的元老们在忧心忡忡地低语。
这边厢有人点着头、嘟哝着他想说的话；
那流言已传遍一伙伙市民中间，
激起响亮的咕哝，夹着乱轰轰的喧嚷；
有人摇着头叹息说：「哦，用得忒滥的权力！」
又有一个人焦躁不耐，把牙磨得格格响，
口角泛出白沫，赌咒说这绝不能容忍；
这边厢有个人在共谋，忽然跳起身，
大叫道，哦，骇人听闻，哦，深重无比的邪罪！
所有人把神经都绷紧了，那些低蹙的眉宇之下，
闪现出的是一双双极睥睨的怒目；
而黝黑的皮埃罗的双唇正翻涌出酒气，
吞咽着淫思，将那一切快意的想望
连同对——管它什么——的强烈想象一并吞下肚？
哦，此刻，维狄克塔！这便是我们所有的口令，
一场帝王的复仇，或是一座帝王的坟墓！

ANTONIO.

Vindicta!

安东尼奥　维狄克塔！

BALURDO. [From beneath the stage.]

I am acold.

巴鲁尔多　[自舞台下。] 我冷。

PANDULPHO.

Who's there? Sir Jeffrey?

潘杜尔福　谁在那里？杰弗里爵士么？

BALURDO.

A poor knight, god wot: the nose of thy knighthood
is bitten off with cold. O poor Sir Jeffrey, cold, cold!

巴鲁尔多　一个可怜的骑士，上帝知道：您这骑士爷的鼻子
都叫冷给咬掉了。哦可怜的杰弗里爵士，冷，冷！

PANDULPHO.

What chance of fortune hath tripp'd up his heels,
And laid him in the kennel, ha?

潘杜尔福　是什么机缘把他的脚后跟给绊了，
撂倒在水沟里的，哈？

ALBERTO.

I will discourse it all. Poor honest soul,
Hadst thou a beaver to clasp up thy face,
Thou shouldst associate us in masquery,
And see revenge.

阿尔贝托　我稍后会讲这事的始末。可怜而老实的灵魂啊，
你若有一副面甲能罩住你的脸，
你就能和我们一道参赴这假面剧，
亲眼看那复仇。

BALURDO.

Nay, and you talk of revenge, my stomach's up,
for I am most tyrannically hungry.

A beaver! I have a headpiece, a skull,
a brain of proof, I warrant ye.
巴鲁尔多　嗐，你们提起复仇，我这胃倒来劲了，
我这正专横暴虐地饿着呢。
面甲！我有的是头盔，有副脑壳，
有副禁得起考验的脑子，我向你们担保。
ALBERTO.
Slink to my chamber then, and tire thee.
阿尔贝托　那就溜到我的房里去装扮起来。
BALURDO.
Is there a fire?
巴鲁尔多　有火么？
ALBERTO.
Yes.
阿尔贝托　有。
BALURDO.
Is there a fat leg of ewe mutton?
巴鲁尔多　有肥肥的母羊腿么？
ALBERTO.
Yes.
阿尔贝托　有。
BALURDO. And a clean shirt?
巴鲁尔多　有干净衬衫么？
ALBERTO.
Yes.
阿尔贝托　有。
BALURDO.
Then am I for you, most pathetically,
and unvulgarly, law!
[Exit.]
巴鲁尔多　那我就跟你们干了，顶顶感人地，
而且不俗地，嗨！
[下。]
ANTONIO.
Resolvèd hearts, time curtails night,
opportunity shakes us his foretop.
Steel your thoughts, sharp your resolve,
embolden your spirit, grasp your swords;
alarm mischief, and with an undaunted brow,
outscout the grim opposition of most menacing peril.
Hark! here proud pomp shoots mounting triumph up,
Borne in loud accents to the front of Jove.
安东尼奥　决心已定的心儿们，时间裁剪着黑夜，
机遇正向我们抖动它额前的垂发。
将你们的思绪淬火成钢，把你们的决意磨利，
给你们的胆魄鼓勇，握紧你们的剑；
振起灾祸来，用一副毫不畏缩的眉额，
去睥睨那最可怖危险的森然阻拒。

听！此刻，骄矜的盛仪把高升的凯旋射起，
裹在宏声亮调中，送上约夫的额头了。
PANDULPHO.
O now, he that wants soul to kill a slave,
Let him die slave, and rot in peasant's grave.
潘杜尔福　哦，此刻，那没有杀一个奴才的胆魄的人，
就让他像个奴才般死去，烂在村夫的坟里罢。
ANTONIO.
Give me thy hand, and thine, most noble heart;
Thus will we live, and, but thus, never part.
[Exeunt, twined together.]
安东尼奥　把手给我，你也是，极高贵的心；
我们便要这样活着，而且，只这样才永不分别。
[众人交缠同下。]
Cornets sound a senet.
短号奏入场乐。

ACT V, SCENE II
第五幕，第二场
A Banqueting-hall.
宴客厅。
Enter CASTILIO and FOROBOSCO; two Pages, with torches; LUCIO, bare; PIERO and MARIA, GALEAZZO, two Senators, and NUTRICHE.
卡斯蒂利奥与福罗博斯科上；二侍童持火把上；卢西奥免冠上；皮埃罗与玛利娅、加莱亚佐、二元老及乳媪上。
PIERO.
Sit close unto my breast, heart of my love;
Advance thy drooping eyes, thy son is drown'd.
Rich happiness that such a son is drown'd!
Thy husband's dead: life of my joys most bless'd,
In that the sapless log, that press'd thy bed
With an unpleasing weight, being lifted hence,
Even I, Piero, live to warm his place.
I tell you, lady, had you view'd us both
With an unpartial eye, when first we wooed
Your maiden beauties, I had borne the prize.
'Tis firm I had; for, fair, I ha' done that—
皮埃罗　贴紧我的胸膛坐着罢，我爱情的心；
抬起你下垂的眼睛，你的儿子已经溺死了。
这样的儿子淹死了，正是最大的福气！
你的丈夫死了：我的快乐的生命啊，至为有福的是，
那压在你床上，以那讨厌的重负
无汁无味的木头，既被挪开了，
我，皮埃罗，便活着来暖热他的位置。
我告诉你，夫人，若当初我们最初向你
那处子之美求爱之际，你用一视同仁的眼睛

打量过我俩，我早就该夺得那彩头了。
我有把握本该如此的；因为，美人，我曾干过那些——
MARIA. [Aside.]
Murder.
玛利娅　[旁白。] 谋杀。
PIERO.
Which he would quake to have adventurèd;
Thou know'st I have—
皮埃罗　那些会叫他畏缩不敢去冒险的事；
你知道我曾——
MARIA. [Aside.]
Murder'd my husband.
玛利娅　[旁白。] 谋杀了我丈夫。
PIERO.
Borne out the shock of war, and done—what not,
That valour durst? Dost love me, fairest? Say.
皮埃罗　承受住战争的冲击，并做了——但凡勇武
所敢为的，什么没做过？你可爱我，最美的人？说。
MARIA.
As I do hate my son, I love thy soul.
玛利娅　就像我恨我的儿子那样，我爱你的灵魂。
PIERO.
Why, then, Io to Hymen, mount a lofty note!
Fill red-cheek'd Bacchus, let Lyaeus float
In burnish'd goblets! Force the plump-lipp'd god.
Skip light lavoltas in your full-sapp'd veins!
'Tis well, brim full. Even I have glut of blood:
Let quaff carouse. I drink this Bureaux wine
Unto the health of dead Andrugio,
Feliche, Strotzo, and Antonio's ghosts.
[Aside.] Would I had some poison to infuse it with;
That having done this honour to the dead,
I might send one to give them notice on't:
I would endear my favour to the full.—
Boy, sing aloud; make heaven's vault to ring
With thy breath's strength. I drink. Now loudly sing.
[A song. The song ended the cornets sound a senet.]
皮埃罗　好，那便向许门高唱伊俄，发出昂扬的曲调！
斟满红颊的巴克斯，让吕埃乌斯在
锃亮的酒杯中荡漾！灌满那厚唇的神。
让轻快的拉沃尔塔舞在你们汁满的血管中跳荡！
好极了，斟得满满的。连我自个儿都饮饱了血：
大家放量畅饮罢。我饮了这杯布侯酒，
祝已死的安德鲁吉奥、
费利切、斯特罗佐和安东尼奥的鬼魂健康。
[旁白。] 但愿我有些毒药掺进去；
这样我向那些死者表示了这番敬意后，
便能派个人去给他们报个信：
也好把我的恩情施到十足。——

童儿，高声唱；用你呼吸的力道
让天穹都振响。我饮了。此刻大声唱。
[歌一曲。曲终，短号奏入场乐。]
Enter ANTONIO, PANDULPHO, and ALBERTO, in maskery; BALURDO, and a Torchbearer.
安东尼奥、潘杜尔福与阿尔贝托，身着假面装，随一持火把者上。
PIERO.
Call Julio hither. Where's the little soul?
I saw him not to-day. Here's sport alone
For him, i'faith; for babes and fools, I know,
Relish not substance, but applaud the show.
皮埃罗　叫儒利奥过来。那个小生灵在哪儿？
我今天没瞧见他。说真的，这儿的戏耍
单是给他看的；因为我知道，娃娃和傻子
尝不出实在货的滋味，只会对那花花外表喝彩。
GALEAZZO. [To the conspirators as they stand in rank for the measure.]
All blessèd fortune crown your brave attempt.
[To ANTONIO.]
I have a troop to second your attempt.
[To PANDULPHO.]
The Venice states join hearts unto your hands.
[To ALBERTO.]
加莱亚佐　[对列队准备度舞的众谋叛者。]
愿一切天赐之运为你们勇敢的举动加冕。
[对安东尼奥。] 我有一队兵士为你的举动做后援。
[对潘杜尔福。] 威尼斯的显贵们都同心协力支持你们。
[对阿尔贝托。]
PIERO. By the delights in contemplation
Of coming joys, 'tis magnificent.
You grace my marriage eve with sumptuous pomp.
Sound still, loud music! O, your breath gives grace
To curious feet, that in proud measure pace.
皮埃罗　凭着对将至的欢愉
之翘盼喜悦来评，真是富丽堂皇。
你们以豪奢的盛况给我的新婚前夜添了光。
继续奏响，嘹亮的音乐！哦，你们的气息
给那踏着傲人舞步的奇巧的脚赋予了优雅。
ANTONIO. [Aside to MARIA.]
Mother, is Julio's body—
安东尼奥　[向玛利娅旁白。] 母亲，儒利奥的尸体可——
MARIA. [Aside to ANTONIO.]
Speak not, doubt not; all is above all hope.
玛利娅　[向安东尼奥旁白。] 莫问，莫疑；一切已越过所有指望之上。
ANTONIO. [Aside.]
Then will I dance and whirl about the air:
Methinks I am all soul, all heart, all spirit.
Now murder shall receive his ample merit.
安东尼奥　[旁白。] 那我要跳舞，旋遍这空气：
我觉着自己全然是魂魄，全然是心，全然是精灵。
此刻谋杀将接受他应得的厚赏。

The measure.
度舞。
While the measure is dancing, ANDRUGIO'S ghost is placed betwixt the music-houses.
度舞之际，安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂被安置在两个乐池之间。
PIERO.
Bring hither suckets, candied delicates.
We'll taste some sweetmeats, gallants, ere we sleep.
皮埃罗　把那些甜果脯、糖果蜜饯端过来。
我们睡前尝点儿甜食，众位贵胄。
ANTONIO.
We'll cook your sweetmeats, gallants, with tart sour sauce.
安东尼奥　我们给你的甜食，众贵胄，可要调上酸溜溜的酸酱。
Ghost of Andrugio. Here will I sit, spectator of revenge,
And glad my ghost in anguish of my foe.
[The maskers whisper with PIERO.]
安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂　我要坐在这儿，当复仇的看客，
眼见我仇敌的痛苦，令我的鬼魂欢悦。
[众假面者与皮埃罗私语。]
PIERO.
Marry and shall; i'faith I were too rude,
If I gainsaid so civil fashion.
The maskers pray you to forbear the room
Till they have banqueted. Let it be so:
No man presume to visit them, on death.
[The maskers whisper again.]
Only myself? O, why, with all my heart;
I'll fill your consort. Here Piero sits;
Come on, unmask, let's fall to.
[Exeunt all but PIERO and the maskers.]
皮埃罗　行，当然可以；说真的我要是拒绝
这等有礼的请求，便太粗莽了。
假面舞者们请诸位暂且离开这厅堂，
等他们先享用一番。就依他们罢：
任何人不许闯进去，违者处死。
[众假面者再度私语。]
单我自己留下？哦，成，打心眼里乐意；
我来做你们的陪宴。皮埃罗坐在这儿了；
来，摘下面具，咱们吃起来罢。
[除皮埃罗与众假面者外，余人皆下。]
[The conspirators bind PIERO, pluck out his tongue, and triumph over him.]
[众谋叛者缚住皮埃罗，拔其舌，并对他耀武扬威。]
ANTONIO.
Murder and torture! no prayers, no entreats!
安东尼奥　谋杀和酷刑！没有祷告，没有恳求！
PANDULPHO.
We'll spoil your oratory. Out with his tongue.
潘杜尔福　你那祷告的口舌我们要毁掉。把他舌头扯出来。
ANTONIO.

I have 't, Pandulpho; the veins panting bleed,
Trickling fresh gore about my fist. Bind fast—so, so!
安东尼奥　我拿到了，潘杜尔福；那血管噗噗地涌着血，
鲜红的血顺着我的拳头淌下。绑牢了——对，对！
Ghost of Andrugio. Bless'd be thy hand! I taste the joys of heaven,
Viewing my son triumph in his black blood.
安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂　愿你的手蒙福！看着我儿子
在他那黑血中扬威，我品尝到了天堂的快乐。
BALURDO.
Down to the dungeon with him! I'll dungeon with him!
I'll fool you; Sir Jeffrey will be Sir Jeffrey;
I'll tickle you.
巴鲁尔多　把他拖进地牢去！我来去牢他一牢！
我要傻瓜你一下；杰弗里爵士将还是杰弗里爵士；
我要搔逗搔逗你。
ANTONIO.
Behold, black dog!
安东尼奥　看，你这黑狗！
PANDULPHO.
Grinn'st thou, thou snarling cur?
潘杜尔福　你笑，你这狺狺的恶狗？
ALBERTO.
Eat thy black liver.
阿尔贝托　吃了你自己那黑心肝罢。
ANTONIO.
To thine anguish see
A fool triumphant in thy misery.
Vex him, Balurdo.
安东尼奥　你痛苦地瞧着吧，
一个傻瓜在你的苦难中耀武扬威。
折磨他，巴鲁尔多。
PANDULPHO.
He weeps; now do I glorify my hands;
I had no vengeance, if I had no tears.
潘杜尔福　他哭了；这下我的手便得了荣耀；
若没有眼泪，我便也没有复仇。
ANTONIO.
Fall to, good Duke. O these are worthless cates,
You have no stomach to them; look, look here:
Here lies a dish to feast thy father's gorge.
[Uncovering the dish that contains JULIO'S limbs.]
Here's flesh and blood, which I am sure thou lov'st.
[PIERO seems to condole his son.]
安东尼奥　请吃罢，好公爵。哦，这些菜不值什么，
您对这些没胃口；瞧，瞧这儿：
这儿有一盘菜，盛来填你父亲的胃囊。
[揭开覆盖儒利奥残肢的餐盘。]
这可是血肉，我确信你爱这口。
[皮埃罗似为其子之死悲悼。]

PANDULPHO.
Was he thy flesh, thy son, thy dearest son?
潘杜尔福　他是你的血肉，你的儿子，你最钟爱的儿子不是？
ANTONIO.
So was Andrugio, my dearest father.
安东尼奥　安德鲁吉奥也是，我至亲至爱的父亲。
PANDULPHO.
So was Feliche, my dearest son.
潘杜尔福　费利切也是，我至亲至爱的儿子。
Enter MARIA.
玛利娅上。
MARIA.
So was Andrugio my dearest husband.
玛利娅　安德鲁吉奥也是，我至亲至爱的夫君。
ANTONIO.
My father found no pity in thy blood.
安东尼奥　我父亲在你那血里没找着半点怜悯。
PANDULPHO.
Remorse was banish'd, when thou slew'st my son.
潘杜尔福　你杀我儿子时，悔恨是被放逐了的。
MARIA.
When thou empoisoned'st my loving lord,
Exilèd was piety.
玛利娅　你毒死我恩爱夫君时，
虔诚是被流放了的。
ANTONIO.
Now therefore pity, piety, remorse,
Be aliens to our thoughts; grim fire-ey'd rage
Possess us wholly.
安东尼奥　因此此刻，怜悯、虔诚、悔恨，
于我们全是陌路人了；而那狰狞的火眼暴怒
要将我们全然占满。
PANDULPHO.
Thy son? true; and which is my most joy,
I hope no bastard, but thy very blood,
Thy true-begotten, most legitimate
And lovèd issue—there's the comfort on't.
潘杜尔福　你的儿子？不错；而且——这是我最大的欢喜——
我料他不是野种，却是你的亲骨血，
你的亲生、最有名分、
最受钟爱的子嗣——这才是让人聊以自慰之处呢。
ANTONIO.
Scum of the mud of hell!
安东尼奥　地狱污泥的渣滓！
ALBERTO.
Slime of all filth!
阿尔贝托　一切秽物的黏液！
MARIA.
Thou most detested toad!

玛利娅　你这最可憎厌的癞蛤蟆！
BALURDO.
Thou most retort and obtuse rascal!
巴鲁尔多　你这顶顶回敬且愚钝的恶棍！
ANTONIO.
Thus charge we death at thee; remember hell,
And let the howling murmurs of black spirits,
The horrid torments of the damnèd ghosts,
Affright thy soul as it descendeth down
Into the entrails of the ugly deep.
安东尼奥　我们这便将死亡向你冲击；记着她狱罢，
让黑色精灵们那嚎叫的嘀咕，
让那些遭谴的鬼魂的可怖折磨，
在你灵魂沉入那丑陋深渊的
腑脏之际，将它吓坏。
PANDULPHO.
Sa, sa; no, let him die, and die, and still be dying.
[They offer to run all at PIERO, and on a sudden stop.]
And yet not die till he hath died and died
Ten thousand deaths in agony of heart.
潘杜尔福　杀，杀；不，让他死，再死，一直死个不停。
[众人欲一齐刺向皮埃罗，却骤然停下。]
然而莫让他死，直到他在内心的痛楚中
将一万次的死亡死了又死。
ANTONIO.
Now pell-mell: thus the hand of Heaven chokes
The throat of murder. This for my father's blood!
[He stabs PIERO.]
安东尼奥　此刻，豁出去了：苍天的手就这样
扼住谋杀的咽喉。这一下为了我父亲的血！
[他刺皮埃罗。]
PANDULPHO.
This for my son!
潘杜尔福　这一下为了我儿子！
MARIA.
This for them all!
And this, and this, sink to the heart of hell!
[They run all at PIERO with their rapiers.]
玛利娅　这一下为了他们所有人！
还有这一下，这一下，沉到地狱的心窝里去罢！
[众人一齐以长剑刺向皮埃罗。]
PANDULPHO.
Murder for murder, blood for blood, doth yell!
潘杜尔福　谋杀对谋杀、血对血正高声呼号！
GHOST OF ANDRUGIO.
'Tis done, and now my soul shall sleep in rest:
Sons that revenge their father's blood are blest.
[The curtains being drawn, exit ANDRUGIO.]

安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂　事已毕了，此刻我的灵魂将安眠安息：
为父亲之血复仇的儿子是有福的。
[帷幕拉拢，安德鲁吉奥的鬼魂下。]
Enter GALEAZZO, two Senators, LUCIO, FOROBOSCO, CASTILIO, and Ladies.
加莱亚佐、二元老、卢西奥、福罗博斯科、卡斯蒂利奥及众淑女上。
FIRST SENATOR.
Whose hand presents this gory spectacle?
元老甲　是谁的手呈献了这幅血淋淋的景象？
ANTONIO. Mine.
安东尼奥　我的。
PANDULPHO.
No, mine.
潘杜尔福　不，我的。
ALBERTO.
No, mine.
阿尔贝托　不，我的。
ANTONIO.
I will not lose the glory of the deed,
Were all the tortures of the deepest hell
Fix'd to my limbs. I pierc'd the monster's heart
With an undaunted hand.
安东尼奥　我绝不愿失掉这功业的荣耀，
哪怕所有最深地狱的酷刑
都钉在我的四肢上。我以一只毫不畏缩的手
刺穿了这怪物的心脏。
PANDULPHO.
By yon bright-spangled front of heaven 'twas I!
'Twas I sluicèd out his life-blood.
潘杜尔福　凭那边星光璀璨的昊天额际起誓，是我干的！
是我像开泄洪闸般把他的命血放出来的。
ALBERTO.
Tush, to say truth, 'twas all.
阿尔贝托　咄，说实在的，那是我们所有人的功劳。
SECOND SENATOR.
Blest be you all, and may your honours live
Religiously held sacred, even for ever and ever.
元老乙　愿你们全都蒙福，愿你们的荣名
被宗教般尊奉为圣，直到永永远远。
GALEAZZO. [To ANTONIO.]
Thou art another Hercules to us,
In ridding huge pollution from our state.
加莱亚佐　[对安东尼奥。] 在我们看来，你便是另一个赫拉克勒斯，
将极大的污染从我们的邦国中清除了出去。
FIRST SENATOR.
Antonio, belief is fortified
With most invincible improvements of much wrong
By this Piero to thee. We have found
Beadrolls of mischief, plots of villainy,

Laid 'twixt the Duke and Strotzo, which we found
Too firmly acted.
元老甲　安东尼奥，对你的信任，
已被这皮埃罗对你犯下的重重大恶
之无法辩驳的佐证所加固。我们已寻获
一长串的祸害行径、奸恶的阴谋，
全都布置在这公爵和斯特罗佐之间，且我们发现
它们都已被极其确实地执行了。
SECOND SENATOR.
Alas, poor orphan!
元老乙　唉，可怜的孤儿！
ANTONIO.
Poor!
安东尼奥　可怜！
FIRST SENATOR.
What satisfaction outward pomp can yield,
Or chiefest fortunes of the Venice state,
Claim freely. You are well-season'd props,
And will not warp, or lean to either part;
Calamity gives a man a steady heart.
元老甲　任何排场盛仪所能给予的补偿，
或是威尼斯邦国最高的财富，
随你提出。你们是历练老成的栋梁，
不会翘棱，也不会歪向任何一边；
灾厄予人以平稳的心。
ANTONIO.
We are amaz'd at your benignity;
But other vows constrain another course.
安东尼奥　我们对你们的仁厚感到惊讶；
但另有誓愿迫使我们走上另一条路。
PANDULPHO.
We know the world, and did we know no more,
We would not live to know; but since constraint
Of holy bands forecheth us keep this lodge
Of dirt's corruption, till dread power calls
Our soul's appearance, we will live enclos'd
In holy verge of some religious order,
Most constant votaries.
潘杜尔福　我们了解这世界，即便我们再无所知，
我们也宁可不去活着领悟了；但既然神圣
戒条的约束要求我们保持这具尘垢腐躯
所寓的皮囊，直到那可畏的大能召我们
的灵魂前去觐见，我们便要裹在
某宗教修会的圣围中度日，
做至为坚贞的出家人。
[The curtains are drawn, PIERO departeth.]
[帷幕拉拢，皮埃罗下。]
ANTONIO.
First let's cleanse our hands,
Purge hearts of hatred, and entomb my love,

Over whose hearse I'll weep away my brain
In true affection's tears.
For her sake here I vow a virgin bed:
She lives in me, with her my love is dead.
安东尼奥　首先，让我们洗净双手，
清除心中恨意，并安葬我的爱人，
我将在她的柩架之上，以真挚的深情之泪，
把脑中一切都哭尽。
为了她的缘故，我在此誓守一张童贞的床：
她活在我之中，与她一同，我的爱已是死了。
SECOND SENATOR.
We will attend her mournful exequies;
Conduct you to your calm sequesterèd life,
And then—
元老乙　我们将出席她哀戚的殡葬；
引导你们去过那恬静隐退的生活，
到那时——
MARIA.
Leave us to meditate on misery,
To sad our thought with contemplation
Of past calamities. If any ask
Where lives the widow of the poison'd lord?
Where lies the orphan of a murder'd father?
Where lies the father of a butcher'd son?
Where lives all woe?—conduct him to us three,
The down-cast ruins of calamity.
玛利娅　请让我们去冥思苦痛，
以对过往灾殃的沉想
把我们的思绪沉浸于悲戚。若有人问起：
那被毒死的丈夫的寡妻住在何方？
那被谋杀的父亲之孤儿寄于何处？
那被屠戮的儿子之父骸骨何在？
那一切的哀苦又宿于何处？——便请引他来找我们三个，
灾殃那颓然塌落的残墟。
ANTONIO.
Sound doleful tunes, a solemn hymn advance,
To close the last act of my vengeance;
And when the subject of your passion's spent,
Sing Mellida is dead; all hearts will relent,
In sad condolèment at that heavy sound.
Never more woe in lesser plot was found!
And, O, if ever time create a muse,
That to th' immortal fame of virgin faith
Dares once engage his pen to write her death,
Presenting it in some black tragedy,
May it prove gracious; may his style be deck'd
With freshest blooms of purest elegance;
May it have gentle presence, and the scenes suck'd up
By calm attention of choice audience;

And when the closing Epilogue appears,
Instead of claps, may it obtain but tears.
[A song.—Exeunt omnes.]
安东尼奥　奏起哀伤的曲调，升起庄严的圣歌，
好结束我这复仇的最后一幕；
待到你们激情的主题耗尽了时，
便唱「梅莉达死了」；听到那沉重的声音，
人人都要动恻隐，为此悲哀同悼。
在更小的构架中，从未见过更大的悲苦！
哦，倘若未来时光造就一位缪斯，
他为了那贞洁之信念的不朽荣光，
竟敢提笔去写她的死，
将之呈献于一部黑色的悲剧，
但愿那剧能蒙恩遇；愿他的风格
装点着最纯净雅致的鲜葩；
愿那剧有高华的呈演，那些场景
被雍容的鉴赏者们平静的凝注所吸纳；
待到收场的尾声一出时，
它得到的不是鼓掌，而单是眼泪便好。
[歌一曲。——同下。]
Antonii vindictae.
安东尼奥之复仇。

END OF THE PLAY
全剧终